

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,801, Vol. 69.

May 3, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

The Queen. **O**N Wednesday last HER MAJESTY returned from her visit to the Continent.

On Friday week the House of Lords was in Parliament, busied with one of those extremely well-intentioned, but extremely foolish, projects which do equal honour to the proposers' hearts and dishonour to their heads. It may be difficult to define what legislation ought to be; but it is quite certain that Lord MEATH'S Adoption of Children Bill is an excellent example of what it ought not to be—fussy meddling with private rights and private duties. To tell the honest truth, we do not think much better of the Electoral Disabilities Bill, which occupied the Commons on the same day; but here all or nearly all parties are, as in the matter of Liquor Bills, united in the bonds of cant and the peace of hypocrisy. In the discussion on Supply which succeeded, the half-obstructive, half-well-intentioned objections to the Slave-trade vote were renewed, but at last got over, and Mr. WADDY gave vent to one of the most curious and amusing of current sentiments, the frantic horror with which the Dissenting bodies regard a religious census, because they know that, if fairly taken, it will expose the nakedness of their land.

On Monday the House of Lords was usefully employed in reading a second time a batch of Bills relating to reformatories and the like. The Irish Land Bill held possession of the nominal, if not of the real, attention of the Commons. The debate was resumed by Mr. DILLON, who developed, "easy an' free," a scheme for handing over the land to the tenants at eight years' purchase of GRIFFITH'S valuation (that is to say, about one-half or one-third the average value), revealed, with naïveté unusual even for him, the extreme terror with which Irish agitators regard the relieving of congestion in the poor districts (and reason good, for good-bye distress good-bye agitator), and beat the record by suggesting that the grass-lands, the one portion of Ireland which does pay, should be themselves made into congested districts by settling on them the thriftless swarming peasantry of Connaught and of Kerry. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN followed with a sort of all-round criticism of everybody and a little plan of his own (so that if Mr. BALFOUR goes wrong, it certainly will not be for want of suggestion), but was obviously hampered by certain utterances of his in the past. From this we may see how good it is always to be consistent and wise; but it may be admitted that the next best thing is to be inconsistent in the direction of wisdom, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is. The wickedness of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S heels, however, let in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who made a fair enough break against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (though not so good as his), but had nothing to say against the Bill itself, except that it was a terrible thing that the State of England should be the creditor and landlord of Irish tenants. From this we may see how that which the writers of history and the newspapers and the folk who are called HANSARD tell of a Home Rule Bill with a Purchase scheme in it that was brought in four years ago by one W. E. GLADSTONE, and that received the fervent support of Sir WILLIAM GEORGE GRANVILLE VENABLES, VERNON HARCOURT, Kt., M.A., M.P., Q.C., sometime Professor of International Law in the University of Cambridge, is a fond thing vainly invented. Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM spoke brightly enough; and then the debate fell, for the most part, into the hands of doleful creatures who knew about as much about their subject as, let us say, the reviewer of French novels in the current *Quarterly* knows about his—BIRRELLS and COGHILLS and FITZGERALDS (but not PENROSE) and the O'CONNOR who is also called T. P.

Among these Mr. HANBURY was less crossbench-minded than he is sometimes; but what is the good of falling foul of Lord CLANRICARDE? He is an unwise person and an unamiable; but, after all, he is unwisely and unamiably in the right, while his foes are in the wrong utterly, with neither wisdom nor amiability to show against him.

The House of Lords held little more than a formal sitting on Tuesday, but the two sittings of the House of Commons, morning and evening, were at any rate in appearance well filled. The morning sitting was again devoted to the Land Purchase Bill, but the consciousness perhaps that it was, after all, an "off" debate, seemed to tinge the speeches a little, and some of the newspapers were very cavalier in reporting them—one of the greatest of Gladstonian authorities on Ireland, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, being even dismissed in the summary of the debate given by his chief friends with the phrase "Mr. S. LEFEVRE criticized them." Before "Mr. S. LEFEVRE," Mr. HAYES FISHER had spoken sensibly, if not inevitably, enough, and Mr. LABOUCHERE had spoken in a way to which, we fear, both these adverbs must be refused. To parody a great moralist, "Mr. LABOUCHERE was the friend of PIGOTT; and we are 'friends to Mr. LABOUCHERE'; but really talk about 'Messrs. FRÜHLING and GOSCHEN' and about 'hoodwinking the English people' should be kept for Northampton shoemakers. Sir WILLIAM BARTELOT represents a kind of politician too valuable and too rapidly dwindling in numbers for his speeches not to be welcome, and Mr. PLUNKET, always vigorous and effectual, was particularly so on the Government proposals. Then "Mr. S. LEFEVRE criticized them," and the Avenger in the fiendish shape of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR moved the adjournment of the debate. Now it is understood that, if there is one thing which makes "Mr. S. LEFEVRE" miserable, it is to be followed by Mr. BALFOUR. In the evening cant ruled supreme, and o'er the House its pinchbeck mantle threw. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL obtained leave to introduce his celebrated Temperance Bill, which is to permit Local Option to tax clubs for licences (Lord RANDOLPH being, of course, aware that in all good clubs the members simply drink their own property on which no profit is, or should be, made), to abolish beer-houses, but (that the measure might contain the maximum amount of popularity-hunting) to recognize, though not distinctly to provide for, compensation. And then the House lifted up its voice, and, with a partial and honourable exception in the case of Admiral FIELD, canted as one man—canted critically, approvingly, enviously, or otherwise, but always canted, whether the speaker was called RITCHIE or HARCOURT, MORGAN or BARTLEY, LAWSON or CAINE.

On Wednesday the Deceased Wife's Sister, whom more important matters have stunted of her dues in late years, had an innings once more, and the second reading of the Bill was carried—as it usually is in the Commons—by 67. There was, and could be, hardly anything new in the debate, the chief exceptions being Sir JAMES FERGUSON'S invention of the possibly useful, but not blessed, word "tactitionary," and Mr. ELLIOT'S ingenious belief that he had settled the matter by referring to the practice of the Roman Catholic Church. From this we gather that Mr. ELLIOT is in favour of the marriage of uncles and nieces, or, which is more probable, that he was talking about matters which he did not understand. That happens sometimes to members of Parliament, as to other people.

Thursday saw only a formal sitting of the House of Lords, but provided the best night's debate yet heard on the Land Purchase Bill, the second reading of which was finally carried by the satisfactory majority of eighty—348 to 268. Putting aside a respectable, but scarcely wise, protest by Mr. MACARTNEY, in the name of the landlords (who,

alas! *s'écarter de la question*, in exactly the original sense of the jest), the interest of the debate centred in the four speeches of Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. SEXTON, Lord HARTINGTON, and Mr. MORLEY. Mr. BALFOUR had, perhaps, the easiest of all tasks for a man of ability—that of reviewing a large number of incongruous and mutually destructive criticisms and counter-proposals, and he did it with natural gusto. The most amusing and effective part of his speech from a debating point of view was that in which he left the unfortunate Mr. VESEY KNOX—the youngest joy of Separation as a real Irish landlord, and Fellow of an Oxford College, who is a Home Ruler—*cruci affixum* by the judgment of his own leaders as one who is going to “abscond with the plunder”—that is to say, to sell his own estate. Mr. BALFOUR was followed by the gift of *Æolus* to the Irish party—a gift as fatal, though in a different way, as its brother Bag of olden days. Lord HARTINGTON's speech, which had the interest of circumstance, owing to his long absence, as well as of intrinsic merit, was chiefly noticeable for what Mr. JOHN MORLEY subsequently called a “declaration of war”—that is to say, an honest discarding of the cant about the representatives of Ireland. Mr. MORLEY affects, and perhaps feels, horror at the idea of “disregarding the feelings of the whole people of Ireland.” To which it can only be answered that, if an operation to his hand or foot is required for the benefit of his whole body, a wise man disregards the feelings of his whole hand or foot, and has it performed.

Foreign Affairs. Interest in foreign affairs at the end of last week was centred on the visit of the German EMPEROR to his grandmother, Her Majesty the QUEEN, at Darmstadt, and on an intensely absurd and characteristic rebuke from Prince “PLOX-PLOX” to President CARNOT for profaning the threshold of the House of the BONAPARTES in Corsica. The Austrian Labour troubles continued, and fresh accounts were received from East Africa respecting the departure of EMIN Pasha (whose judgment would seem to have been a little affected by his recent accident) and of aggression on the part of some Germans in the English sphere. There is but little fear that these adventurers will be promptly disavowed by their Government, but the disavowal should be prompt and clear.—Great activity is being shown by Major WISSMANN and his troops in East Africa, but only within the German sphere.—A paper has been published in which Sir E. BAKING reports on the finances of Egypt under English supervision to Lord SALISBURY. Few more creditable statements of their kind have ever been issued; and the contrast between the conduct of England which relieves, and the conduct of France which maintains, the burdens of the Egyptian taxpayer is all that the most ferocious JOHN BULL can wish.—It is announced that martial law has been unconditionally suspended in Crete.

The First of May. The promise of May—of a new Evil May-Day—attracted throughout all the earlier part of the week earnest and anxious attention in most Continental countries, especially in Austria and France. In the latter of these countries M. CONSTANS took the most vigorous measures to vindicate the undoubted renown of republics for seeing that those persons who do not agree with the powers that be shall have a rougher time of it than in any monarchy; while almost the entire strength of Austria seems to have been concentrated on watching unruly Labour. In England “allonging and marshong-ing” were, for the most part, according to the thrifty habit of Englishmen, put off till to-morrow, and the few agitators who organized demonstrations for the First itself were hugely disconcerted by a thoughtful order (“illegal” and “tyrannical” they ungratefully called it) from Mr. Commissioner MONRO putting the ample space of the Embankment, the Birdcage Walk, and so on, at their disposal—or, in other words, preventing them from impeding the circulation of any other part of London at a particularly busy time of year. We fear there is some truth in the report that the German EMPEROR's youthful inconsiderateness has stirred up much of this trouble. *Das ist schrecklich und das haben Sie gethan*, as the story has it. After all, as is usual, the expected did not happen. A few Socialists marched and vapoured in London; but no one not exactly present on their line of route would have known that anything was happening. Abroad, scarcely anything serious is reported. In the more Southern countries rain came to the help of order; in France and Austria the preparations made overawed anarchy. But the

fuss and the fear and the evil precedent set remain the same. And really, if part of Labour persists in making itself such a nuisance, the other part of Labour will be justified in putting its head together with that of Capital and other miscellaneous heads and rapping the pate of the nuisance-makers pretty sharply. It is intolerable that blatant loafers should interrupt at once honest work and harmless play, and should engross or distract the attention of forces intended for the supervision of less hypocritical enemies of society.

Meetings. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord ROSEBURY spoke at an Imperial Federation meeting on Monday, and the Duke of EDINBURGH at one in favour of Seamen's Missions on the same day. On Tuesday an important meeting in appeal for aid to the National Rifle Association, in view of the heavy expenses thrown on it by its removal to Bisley, was held at the Mansion House, and addressed by, among other persons, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Ireland. The strike on the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, though a bad thing, may do some good. Hitherto the Nationalist party have had it in their power to direct the inconvenience of strikes and their analogues against one section of the public only. Railway strikes affect Nationalist shopkeepers and journalists and agitators and farmers just as much as any one else. And, accordingly, we find the *Freeman's Journal* shaking its head, and Mr. DAVITT speaking words of wisdom about considering other people's interests. Even Archbishop WALSH at first admitted that the men were in the wrong, and, after some wobbling, seems to have returned to that opinion. We are sorry and ashamed to say it, but we find this decidedly amusing.

Sport. In the Newmarket First Spring Meeting this week, which had the benefit of exceptionally fine weather, Mr. MERRY's Surefoot won the Two Thousand, his owner's name carrying us back to now old memories of his father's successes. But a still more interesting event in the Turf way is the death of Hermit, one of the most popular and successful of sires for many years, and the winner of a Derby ever memorable for the inclemency of weather and the discomfiture of backers.

Political Speeches. A very large number of dinners and other gatherings, with speeches to suit, took place on Wednesday. Mr. GOSCHEN, who finds evident pleasure in talking about his Budget, told more stories of his correspondence on that subject, and devoted some attention to the question of potato-spirit. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER seems rather insufficiently alive to the fact that this product of the industry of the German Fatherland is exceedingly unwholesome, and according to some experts never becomes anything else. This differentiates it not a little from the kindly products of Scotch and Irish stills.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke at Guildford, and, most remarkable to relate, found that all the Government prospect from Dan to Beersheba was barren. If anything could be odder than this it is that members of the said Government, speaking on the same day, came to the conclusion that everything in the same prospect was quite cheerful.

The Exhibition at Edinburgh. On Thursday the Exhibition at Edinburgh, which is to wipe away from the Scottish capital the reproach of being outdone by its rival on the Clyde in this matter, was opened in all ways but one successfully by the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH. The one exception was that the Edinburgh thieves, remembering that the most elegant compliments to a guest are paid by exhibitions of craftsmanship and skill, helped themselves to some of the Duke's jewels at his hotel.

Miscellaneous. Some miscellaneous matters of interest were reported last Saturday, the most interesting perhaps being the lamentable and extraordinary case of *SALA v. FURNISS*. That the defendant behaved with dubious taste can hardly be denied; we are afraid dubious is not the adjective to apply to the plaintiff's judgment. At any rate, the jury abounded in this sense by considerably adding sixty shillings to the forty at which Mr. FURNISS had estimated his own misdeed.—Some more legal cases of interest were decided on Monday, the very odd question of the right to one-quarter of a steeplechaser being decided by the Court of Appeal in favour of the quarter-claimant; while a well-known person of the name of BURR lost his libel action against Mr. JAMES LOWTHER.—Two Colonial bishops—of Travancore and Eastern Africa—were

consecrated on the same day, while on Thursday Dr. WESTCOTT was consecrated Bishop of Durham, and the next day it was announced that an appointment had been made, in the person of the Rev. DANIEL LLOYD, to the vacant Bishopric of Bangor.—In another order of interest the long-expected sale of the Western Railway of Buenos Ayres to an English Syndicate, with the result of supplying the much-tried Argentine finances with a substantial balance as subsidy, has been announced.—On Saturday Mr. STANLEY returned to England, and was "ovated" at Dover and in London. In some respects he deserves these honours well; and his remarkable luck could not be better illustrated than by the fact, that EMIN Pasha has actually done all that was possible to justify that part of his rescuer's conduct which was most dubious.—A fresh rebuke was given on Thursday to the misconduct of certain kinds of newspaper, by a fine inflicted on the halfpenny evening print called the *Star*, Mr. Justice NORTH observing that, if he did not send the publisher to prison for contempt of court, it was merely not to make a martyr of him.

The death of Lord HAMMOND removes one of the oldest of the permanent Foreign Office staff, his life, stretching back to the Peace of Amiens, and his connexion with the Office having lasted from CANNING's time (his father was an *Anti-Jacobin*) to the end of Mr. GLADSTONE's first Premiership. Few men probably in Europe, and perhaps none in England, had so intimate an acquaintance with Continental affairs.—CROWFOOT, chief of the Blackfeet Indians, whom he had kept loyal to England in more than one difficult time, died last Saturday blessing Englishmen. It had, perhaps, been good for CROWFOOT and his people if there had been no COLUMBUS; but, as there was one, it was good for him and for them that their lot was cast in Canada, and not in the United States.—Sir THOMAS EDWARDS-MOSS, who died on Monday, was a prominent Lancashire banker and a very staunch and influential Conservative.—In M. SPITZER the world has lost well-nigh the chief of those who, having brains, collect bric-à-brac, and sell it to those who have money.—Mr. WILLIAM BLADES was the most learned practical printer in England and a tower of strength to English bibliographers.—EDWIN WAUGH, the Lancashire poet, who died on Wednesday, was one of those dialect bards who, contrary to the maxim, usually receive something more than due honour in their own country and something less outside of it. The impartial critic must admit that the particular dialect which Mr. WAUGH *nactus erat*, and which he certainly adorned, is not a beautiful one. Except one particular form of Western Scots, Lancashire is perhaps the least euphonious of all British *patois*; and its printed transliteration is one of the ugliest. Yet there was very considerable merit, which the *Saturday Review* helped to recognize, in Mr. WAUGH's work.

It would be improper for us to notice at any Books, &c. great length a volume by Mr. H. D. TRAILL, entitled *Saturday Songs*, which Messrs. ALLEN have published; for here they saw the light, and hence they draw their name. It is matter of sorrowful confession by the enemy that the political Muse is now almost entirely on the Tory and Unionist side; and, if we may be permitted to say so, we do not think that she has dispensed more of her favours to any one for a very long series of years than to Mr. TRAILL. The novelties of the week in respect of Art have their separate articles, and are too many even for mention here, though we unavoidably postpone mention of the Grosvenor Gallery.

THE MAY BUGBEAR.

THE so-called Labour demonstration has passed off even more quietly than was expected by the most hopeful. It had not been supposed that there would be any considerable amount of rioting even in Austria or France, but some disturbance was expected in those countries. As a matter of fact, they have both been quiet. In Paris the worst first-brands were under lock and key. The would-be leaders who took their place were able to attain to nothing more serious than a hurried promenade through the streets under charge of the police. A scuffle at a street corner, in which a few shots may or may not have been fired, is all the Anarchists could do to inspire terror in the tyrant. In Vienna itself, where the authorities had on a former occasion committed the gross blunder of allowing their

police to be outnumbered and cowed, no disturbance has occurred. We even hear that the workmen derided the terrors of the upper class, and handed the solitary ringleader who endeavoured to get up a riot over to the police. Their resolution to confine themselves to sarcasm, and to preserve order, may have been somewhat helped by the knowledge that considerable bodies of troops were at hand to suppress disorder, if necessary. Even so, however, this only proves that it is not difficult for a Government which will act with ordinary firmness to make the orderly part of the workmen understand that it is its interest to help the police. On the whole, those who endeavoured to get up this international demonstration have rather helped the enemy than themselves. They have shown that it is quite as easy for the workmen who do not wish to demonstrate to mutually encourage one another to stand aloof as it is for the party of action to back one another up in violence. The result has been to show that the majority of European workmen have either no hope of securing an eight hours' day, or no belief that it can be got by demonstrations in the street. That is not what the International Socialists wished to prove—which is, however, a very good reason why it was well worth proving. As for the exhibition of themselves made by the handful of jabbering loafers who called themselves a demonstration here, it deserves no notice at all.

Indeed, the importance of the demonstration everywhere has been to a very considerable extent fictitious. It has owed much of its prominence in the papers to the dearth of other raw material fit to be worked up into the telegrams of Special Correspondents, and has consequently been talked about, not to say puffed, more than it deserved. Even if all the journeymen workmen and agricultural labourers of Europe, too, had decided to take a holiday on the 1st of May, and to declare in chorus that eight hours should be a day's work, this, in itself, would not have been a terrifying event. It might have caused a great deal of inconvenience and loss, which would before long have been felt more severely by the demonstrators themselves than by their employers. If the whole part of the population of Western Europe which has monopolized the name of working class were prepared to proceed at once to arson and murder, a strike would be a serious matter indeed; but it would be an effect, not a cause. No strike or May Day demonstration would be required to bring Europe to the verge of anarchy, or over it, if the majority of its inhabitants were in any such frantic state of mind. Every man of sense knows that they are not, and that, therefore, there is no real probability of an eruption of the barbarians who, according to a well-known saying, are now to be found, not outside the limit of civilization, but within it. If any proof is seriously required that the mass of the working class of Europe are not disposed to repeat the adventure of the Anabaptists of Münster in the name of Socialism, it is afforded by the fact that they have largely held aloof from the demonstration, simply because it has been suggested and organized under the noisy patronage of the worst kind of Socialists. Such proof ought not, however, to be required. Mere anarchical outbreaks have at all times been the work of handfuls of fanatics who have profited by the weakness of Government to mislead a mob. Common sense suggests that what always has been will always continue to be. It is quite true that there are in Europe several knots of fanatics who would be perfectly capable of repeating the crimes of the Anabaptists, or of the worst of the French revolutionary leaders, if they were only allowed the opportunity. If government were to break down in France or Austria as it did a hundred years ago and in 1848, it would be no more difficult to find *Septembriseurs* now than it was then. But it is no new thing that the State should have to count with enemies of this stamp. At all times the commoner forms of ruffianism have been prepared to profit by the temporary absence of the gallows and the lash. During long periods half the Governments of Europe have known that among their subjects were fanatics who were rabid enough to employ the weapons of the lowest ruffianism. There is not, however, a single instance in which these enemies of order and civilization have ever gained more than a very temporary victory—and that due entirely to the gross mismanagement or passing weakness of their masters—even in times when the State was far less well armed than it is now. It is, we observe, thought rather pedantic nowadays to bring a little knowledge of history to the discussion of contemporary politics; but that knowledge has some use. For one thing, it helps the commentator

to keep his head when anything happens which is new in his own personal experience. If some not very recondite facts of European history had been present to the minds of Correspondents and leader-writers at home and abroad, they would not have been so disturbed at learning that handfals of fanatics here and there were prepared to produce anarchy. They would also have remembered how easily such noxious vermin can be dealt with, except in those rare times in which great misery among the poor has coincided with great weakness on the part of the Government. At present the suffering of the working class is not anywhere of the kind which drives men mad, and Governments are very strong. Where they have not used their strength intelligently, as for instance in Austria, there have been disorders. This was inevitable; but the moral of it is not that civilization is in any danger, but that Governments should do their work resolutely. If they do not, it is only to be expected that the anarchical forces which they exist to control will take advantage of the opportunity given to them.

For the rest, it must be acknowledged that for the most part the governors of Europe have shown both nerve and sense during the last few weeks. There has been, perhaps, rather more parade in some places than was strictly necessary; but even for this there is a justification. If you are going to fire at all, it is always well to use ball cartridge at once and aim straight. A prompt display of irresistible force may be said to be of the nature of a volley of bullets. It crows opposition, and so attains the desired effect with the minimum of trouble and expense, which is always the best way of doing work. At the same time, they have also had the good sense to tolerate those things which can be safely tolerated. The German EMPEROR may fairly be said to have put the whole duty of Governments in such a case as this into a nutshell when he received the deputation of Westphalian miners. He could not have done better than tell the men that as long as they confined themselves to refusing to work on what they thought unfair terms they would be left alone, but if they attempted to coerce the employers they would be shot down. There was both good sense and real humanity in the warning. At the same time, the German Government has, in this case at least, been content to merely watch the dispute between employers and workmen. Those of the latter class who break contracts will have to take the consequences, but they will be left to the law, and there have been no attempts on the part of the Government to step in and play Providence. The course of the French Government has been essentially similar. There also every freedom has been left to orderly manifestation, but there has been no hesitation in striking at those who endeavoured to bring about disorder in Paris. France contains an avowedly revolutionary class which was particularly likely to be dangerous. The vigorous measures taken against them by M. CONSTANS have been more than sufficiently provoked; and, if he executes his threat to expel the foreigners who have made a business of revolution, he will undoubtedly do a considerable service to the cause of order in Europe. The Austrian Government has very characteristically shown the least resolution. It endeavoured in its habitual fashion to regulate the relations of employers and employed by a species of fatherly police discipline. When it discovered, as it was sure to do, that it could not pacify the avowed Anarchists, it became frightened. Weakness and fear have produced their natural consequences. Austria has had to suffer from disorders from which both Germany and France have been free. The contrast between Northern and Southern Germany is instructive. In the former the Government has announced that it has no hope of pacifying the avowed Socialists, but is prepared to shoot them down if they become aggressive. Germany has been quiet. In Austria there has been a manifest reluctance to use threats, and the EMPEROR has repeatedly exerted his influence in favour of riotous workmen. The result has been that some shooting has been found necessary after all. The difference supplies a telling comment on the folly of all endeavours to reconcile the irreconcilable.

TASTE IN JOKES.

IT was GEORGE ELIOT who first pointed out the dissidences caused by the variety of tastes in jokes. Yet no philosopher has yet studied this great theme in a scientific way. Nobody has applied to it the method of statistics. Judging from the general rules of human nature we might

loosely affirm that the more primitive and rudimentary the joke, the larger will be its appreciative audience, for we are all very primitive under the thinnest veneer of civilization. Mr. HENRY BUTCHER, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, has been one of the first who ever burst into a discussion of early humour, of the evolution of humour. He will not please the orthodox evolutionists, for he seems to hold that humour was a kind of prophetic endowment of early man, that he had it, somehow, though he did not need it. "What was the use of the ludicrous in the struggle for existence?" Probably it was of no use. A captive might make his enemies laugh, like the Chevalier BURKE on board the pirate ship, but they would not spare his life for that. He would make them laugh most by his painful antics at the torture-stake where he was "danced," and that would not prolong his life in an agreeable manner. Among Redskins Leather Stocking learned to laugh silently; it does not do to chuckle on the war-path. Mr. BUTCHER does not hold that all glee is, in origin, spiteful—the result of HOBBS's "sudden glory" over some other person. Whether original or not, this is a great part of mirth; all practical jokes turn on this, and this kind of fun is practically useful, especially among the Eskimo, where disputes are settled by satiric contests, and he succeeds who best promotes the sense of "sudden glory" over his opponent. Dr. BRINTON remarks that the Eskimo, in their frozen wastes, are far funnier fellows than the natives of tropical parts of the Continent. Perhaps this is because they are so very peaceful that there is no danger in giggling openly, and becoming helpless with laughter. Pretty much on the same level as the practical joke is the joke arising, as PLATO says, from the self-ignorance of others. Schoolboys laugh consumedly when the schoolmaster, inadvertently and ignorantly, alludes to some nickname or slang term among themselves. So the theological lecturer made an unconscious joke when expounding how, among the early Semitic peoples, "Djinn are spirits," and how "the spirits disappear before the gods," which certainly does suggest that the gods are taking alcoholic refreshment. If a European in New Zealand unconsciously violates Tabu, which would be serious in a Maori, every one is overcome with merriment.

Thus considered, the most popular joke will be the most primitive, the practical joke, or the unconscious ignorance of another person. The more this kind of joke is relished by the multitude, including schoolboys and young ladies who "bear-fight," the more, of course, it is detested by persons of culture. This is the broadest line of demarcation as to taste in jokes, and over this kind arise the fiercest feuds, as when a person of taste finds a cock tied up under his bed, or as when that home of repose is desecrated by the introduction of a sliced melon, bristles from brushes, a basketful of trout, or other foreign bodies.

A rude kind of pun, itself a verbal practical joke, is the next form of primitive fun; it is still popular in inverse ratio to the dullness of the audience. It is notable that CHARLES LAMB, a confirmed punster, was also a confirmed practical joker. Yet nobody had such delicate humour as LAMB. The explanation is simple. He had a vein of madness, and when that got vent LAMB relapsed into a lower, a more primitive, a more universal cerebral condition. When he wrote of *Roast Pig* the sane element had the mastery, still more when he wrote of *Old China*. When he insisted on feeling the bumps of WORDSWORTH's foolish admirer, or when he stole GODWIN's pepper-pot, his brain was acting without control, in a primeval and popular way.

Mr. BUTCHER seems to think that the faculty of laughing at our own blunders and disappointments is commoner than most people find it, and in this he sees an argument against the theory of malignant triumph. But very few people really start or share a laugh at themselves, and the most humorous are then conscious of a certain soreness. They have evolved far more of sympathy than the majority of mankind; this is the very genius of the humourist; but they are not quite happy, and in this element of pain they detect and enjoy a new absurdity—their own.

Mr. BUTCHER explains Irish bulls as a result of the quick-wittedness of the people. But he also finds that the bull has an equivalent among madmen. If we could only know what was the unspeakable pleasure which CHARLES LAMB felt when he was mad, we might find that everything sane and orderly seemed funny for the moment. Very probably this will be the joke of the anarchic future. In that case there will be more dissent about what is funny

than ever. Mr. BUTCHER finds that the Scotch, being a serious race, are humorous, and, being a slow race, are not witty. Perhaps the humour of Scotchmen usually consists in carrying seriousness one step further than even their countrymen expect, and the joke comes in when the audience find that they have been beaten at their own game, that there is a person yet more serious than themselves. Here, then, arises a feeling of mirth at the unconsciousness of the speaker, who is not aware that he has carried a national peculiarity beyond bounds. Even here there would be a certain gratified malice; but Mr. BUTCHER will not allow that this is the constant element of mirth. He thinks that there has always been a "pure" "ludicrous" without it, and that it answers, in physiology, to an organ without utilitarian value, like the electric organ in the tail of the skate. Probably evolutionists will agree with him on neither point, and will not admit the merit of the illustration. Certainly, as we think, the vast proportion of mirth is of a kind innocently malicious, and the malice disappears as "culture" advances. But it disappears very gradually, and perhaps, like the shred of onion in the salad, "lurks within the bowl, and, half-suspected, 'animates the whole' of our fun. Nor is it quite certain that the too superior and cultivated minority does not miss a great deal of entertainment. It must be a joyous thing to find pleasure in such a book as *Three Men in a Boat*, just as it is a melancholy thing not to be amused by DICKENS. Indeed, we may misdoubt but that very highly cultivated persons will soon become like Mr. BUTCHER's proverbial Veddahs, and "see nothing to laugh at," in the long run. There are more foolish things than a foolish laugh, in spite of the Latin tag. One has seen a very celebrated person read "The Jumping Frog" without a single smile. In humour, as in other matters, it is well to keep a good deal of the simple barbarian who is tickle o' the sear. The extremes of entertainment are illustrated by Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH's fine-drawn and lengthy banter about one of his heroes' legs, and the "beautiful white legs" of another character in fiction. It may be said that no man has a taste so catholic as to be able to laugh at all three legs, the cultivated leg of the *Egoist*, and the barbaric limbs of Captain GOOD. There may be amateurs who see very little fun in any of these members, but nobody can see fun in both. A man may hate the one and despise the other, and yet not be incapable of mirth. But not by taking thought can any one recapture the past, and snigger over popular drolls.

EGYPT.

TO judge from the recent Report of Sir EVELYN BARING, the prosperity of Egypt must be almost as much "on the wane" as Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR's popularity and statesmanship are, according to an interesting contemporary, or, let us say, as is the population of the United States, according to received statistics. The Report may be scrutinized with positively hostile eyes, and yet no flaw be found in it. But a few years ago, as everybody knows, Egypt was on, or rather well over, the verge of bankruptcy; expedient after expedient had been tried and had failed in the way of "choking the deficit," and the country was beginning to exhibit, if it had not actually exhibited, the scandalous spectacle of an entire nation literally condemned to forced labour in order to pay the interest to foreign bondholders on loans which ought never to have been contracted, and the product of which had in many, if not most, cases been scandalously wasted, of an enormously costly administration, and of abuses in every department of government. That this state of things must be aggravated into utter ruin by the loss of the Upper Provinces and the Arabi rebellion might have seemed certain. It was at this juncture that England took the country in hand, thanks to the fortunate pusillanimity of France at the moment. It cannot be said that the stars have fought for us. Egypt has been constantly harassed by the Mahdists, and recently till last year there has been a series of dearths and low Niles, or rather low Niles and dearths. Every possible impediment has been thrown in our way by certain other nations which it is unnecessary to name, and every attempt to consult the interest of the Egyptians and to diminish foreign pickings has been strenuously resisted. Yet, in face of all this, the army has been reorganized, the administration of justice set in order,

the *corvée* to a great extent abolished, the expenditure on remunerative works of various kinds increased, the pension list reduced, the land-tax temporarily remitted in many cases to meet the deficiency of the Nile, and, above all, and as a consequence of all this, the balance between revenue and expenditure completely re-established; so that, despite the redemption of half a million of debt, there is a clear surplus for 1889 of all but 200,000*l.* There is no need to brag over this; the fact is above all bragging. Similar miracles have in some cases been done for private trading concerns or owners of property by judicious "dry-nurses"; but our knowledge of history, though fairly extensive, furnishes us with no parallel in the conduct of one country to another, to a case in which the dry-nurse receives not one farthing of pecuniary profit, and nothing more than the authority legitimately necessary to bring about the results themselves.

Everybody knows that, but for the action of another European Power, Egypt would be more prosperous still. A fresh attempt has recently been made, and made in vain, to induce France to give the consent which she is unfortunately trusted to grant or refuse to the conversion of the Preference Debt. Were this done, a saving not much less than the actual surplus would be permanently secured. But France will not (though it is now said that yet another trial has had a better chance of success), and perhaps it is well that she will not. The arrangements of this universe fortunately make it very difficult for any length of time to force a debtor whose credit is represented in the open market by x per cent. to go on paying $x+y$ per cent. But the mere attempt to do this shows the metal that French good-will to Egypt is made of. And what it shows also is that the country under whose tutelage Egypt has made this unparalleled advance cannot safely leave Egypt to walk alone when there are well-willers of this kind about. The guardianship of England has produced the prosperity of Egypt, and the guardianship of England must be maintained that the prosperity of Egypt may not disappear. Stock Exchange panics are a misfortune in any case; but, if any presumably well-informed authority were to announce the departure of England in six months, certain columns of the newspapers wherein figures are symmetrically arranged would give the most curious and convincing criticism possible on French pretensions.

OF CHATTELS, AND THEIR DELIVERY.

"THE half is more than the whole," said HESIOD, when he wanted to persuade his brother to divide the inheritance with him. The case of *COCHRANE v. MOORE*, in which judgments of much learning have this week proceeded from the Court of Appeal, shows that "the undivided fourth part of a horse" may have a greater value than that somewhat quaint expression would seem to indicate or suggest. The details of the dispute between Mr. COCHRANE and Mr. MOORE, in which the famous ERNEST BENZON was incidentally involved, are less interesting than Lord Justice FRY's historical review and Lord ESHER's logical analysis. Little did the notorious "plunger," now languishing in a French prison, think when, with his friend Mr. POWELL, he went through the list of his horses "to be included in the schedule," that he was laying the materials for a treatise on the law of transfer from the earliest times to our own. His imagination would probably have boggled even at the feeble flight of soaring to the police court at Nice, and the difficulty of translating "Jubilee JUGGINS" into the French tongue. He had certainly never heard of *IRONS v. SMALLPIECE*. He was innocent of *FLETA, BRITTON, and BRACON*, though with *FLETA* he now shares at least the experience of a gaol. But he gave, "by words of present gift," a fourth part of the steeplechaser Kilworth to Mr. MOORE, a "gentleman rider," and by that simple, if rather unusual, form of present, he laid the train for researches into the secular growth of seisin. It is an amusing but immaterial episode in this legal romance, worthy of that most accomplished artist the late Mr. SAMUEL WARREN, that Mr. COCHRANE's claim, being founded on a bill of sale, which may be mildly described as inaccurate, broke down of itself without any reference to Kilworth's theoretical partition. Fortunately for the lover of legal antiquarianism, that fact did not prevent Lord Justice FRY from clearing up in the most approved form of the historic method the real nature of delivery in English law. The question is, or was, whether a chattel,

such as a horse, can pass from the possession of one person into the ownership of another, without any formal handing over or, as the civilians say, tradition. Lord Justice LOPES—before whom the case came, without a jury—decided, in apparent accordance with the most recent authority, that it can. The Court of Appeal have unanimously held that it cannot. The conflict of opinion centred round *IRONS v. SMALLPIECE*, which was decided by the Court of King's Bench in 1819. Lord Justice LOPES, marching forwards, found that that judgment had been overruled; Lord Justice FRY, moving backwards, finds that it represents the ancient common law, which remains in force to this day, and which only Parliament can alter. Even if the bill of sale had been valid, the point might still have been evaded. For the Court were prepared to hold that "what took place between BENZON and COCHRANE before BENZON executed the bill of sale to COCHRANE, constituted COCHRANE a trustee for MOORE of one-fourth of the "horse Kilworth." But, as we have said, Lord Justice FRY would not be baulked of his prey, and hunted it down with praiseworthy assiduity.

IRONS v. SMALLPIECE was decided by Lord TENTERDEN, Mr. Justice HOLROYD, and Mr. Justice BEST, afterwards Lord WYNFORD. "I am of opinion," said Lord TENTERDEN, "that by the law of England, in order to transfer property by gift there must either be a deed or instrument of gift or there must be an actual delivery of the thing to the donee." This sentence has been severely criticized by some modern judges, and the meaning of this criticism is important. Lord WENSLEYDALE, Lord CRANWORTH, and Mr. Justice MAULE took exception to the dictum; but an attentive consideration of their remarks shows that the particular words which they thought objectionable are the alternative to "deed"—namely, "an instrument of gift." If Lord TENTERDEN meant a will, he was right. If he meant a disposition between living persons not under seal, he was wrong. For there is no legal distinction between a gift made in a letter and a gift made by word or mouth. This, however, leaves untouched the main question, which, quite apart from its historic associations, is liable to turn up any day in ordinary life. If A says to B, "I make you a present of my brougham," and B replies "Many thanks. I accept it with pleasure," does the property in the brougham pass then and there from one to the other? The Court of Appeal say that it does not, and that A has merely made a promise without consideration, which he cannot be bound to fulfil. Lord ESHER ingeniously distinguishes between what constitutes a gift and what is only evidence of it. If, he says, delivery were nothing more than a particularly conclusive method of proving the reality of the transfer, the Courts might dispense with it, and allow the fact to be proved in other ways. But he holds that there is no gift at all without delivery, that such has always been the law, and that no Court can now depart from it. Lord Justice FRY traces it to BRACON'S time, when "the distinction between real and personal property had not yet grown up." BLACKSTONE, who is always clear, and seldom doubts, observes that "a true and proper gift or grant is always accompanied by delivery of possession, and takes effect immediately. But, if the gift does not take effect by delivery of immediate possession, it is then not properly a gift, but a contract; and this a man cannot be compelled to perform." Two living judges, Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice CAVE, have decided the exact contrary of this. They have held that the old doctrine was obsolete, and that an offer, followed by acceptance, constituted a donation which the law would recognize. Their views will, perhaps, appear to many people more sensible and more conformable to modern practice than Lord TENTERDEN'S. But, unless the House of Lords should otherwise decide, it must be taken that they are wrong in law, and that delivery is necessary to a gift. But the Court of Appeal, in upholding, though on new grounds, the judgment given by Lord Justice LOPES for the defendant, abstained from determining how the undivided fourth part of a horse is to be delivered. On that point the Court, unlike the horse, might perhaps be divided.

THE WISDOM OF POLITICAL IGNORANCE.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL has made a notable contribution to the philosophy of history, which, if the over-burdened memory of posterity, which must let many valuable things drop, manages to retain it, may one day be

known as RUSSELL'S LAW. It has as good a title to that name as the three propositions, compounded in an equal degree of paradox and truism, which are known as COMTE'S LAWS. Ignorance, it has often been said, is the mother of devotion. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL has discovered that ignorance is the source of political wisdom. As the place and time in which great and germinal truths are dropped upon the earth and the terms in which they are conveyed possess an interest of their own, we hasten to place on record that this revelation was made by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL in a speech delivered to the Paddington Parliament on the 26th April. Let no one mock at the Paddington Parliament. We doubt whether any one could say now, with full conviction, that AS PITT was to ADDINGTON, so is WESTMINSTER to PADDINGTON; and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, we dare say, was in as good company in the amateur body as he would have been at St. Stephen's. We have mentioned place and time. Let us now reverentially chronicle the words of the oracle. "It was an odd fact," said Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, "though true historically, that in every great progressive step taken in the history of this country, it had never been the educated classes who had taken the lead, or who had carried such measures." "Such measures" means, presumably, useful measures. We have ventured, in transcribing this passage, to introduce a conjectural emendation in one word. Where we have written "historically," Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is reported to have said "historionically." We are by no means sure that we ought not to have adhered to the received text, in obedience to the critical maxim that the more difficult reading is to be preferred. Of course, we do not suppose that to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL "historionically" is simply a variant of "historically," conveying the same sense graced and enlarged by a syllable the more, and so flowing more roundly from the tongue. But the association of ideas, the fact that he was addressing a mock Parliament and himself playing a part before it, may have led him to the substitution, unless, indeed, there was a covert irony in the distinction insinuated between what was historically and what was only historionically true. Many casuists have saved their consciences by less subtle devices.

Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S doctrine is not absolutely new. But it has seldom been so distinctly affirmed before. Mr. GLADSTONE came near to it in his clap-trap about the classes and the masses. But Mr. GLADSTONE knows the difference between rhetoric and logic; and he was careful not to disqualify himself by an open adhesion to the political philosophy of Mr. JOHN CADE. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL has not in the same degree the same reason for reserve. We do not attribute to him any desire to flatter his audiences. The masses—to use the word which seems gradually to be superseding the word "mob," as the word mob was in SWIFT'S days, and, against his indignant protests, gradually displacing the word "rabble"—have of course their courtiers. In former days it was considered to be the privilege of kings and persons of quality to know everything without having learned anything. Now this privilege is to be transferred to the sovereign populace. On Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S theory, Mr. LOWE made a great mistake when, after the Act of 1868, he urged the necessity of educating our masters, and Mr. FORSTER'S Bills were impolitic. The poetic antithesis between the bliss of ignorance and the wisdom of knowledge is false. Ignorance is both bliss and wisdom. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL confines his historical generalization, as our readers may have noted, to this country. The law which he has established is an empirical, and not a universal, law. Having "got up" the history of Ireland for his speech before the Special Commission, he has made a rapid study of that of England, with the result solemnly notified to the Paddington Parliament.

We should like to be able to put Sir CHARLES RUSSELL in the witness-box, or to submit him to the torture of a paper of English history questions, in order that he might justify his thesis. He need not fear the result; for the more complete his ignorance the greater, on his own showing, would be his political capacity. His doctrine, by the way, has a direct bearing on the system of competitive examinations for the public service in England. It would not abolish them, but it would reverse the process and the result. The fewer and the worse a man's answers to the questions the greater would be the number of marks given him. It would not do to give the highest place to the man who answered no questions at all; for his silence might conceal a guilty knowledge, instead of ingenuously confessing a meritorious ignorance. To avoid matters of party controversy, we should begin by asking Sir CHARLES RUSSELL

LORD

IT may
RAND
ery as a
likely, in

to explain the difference between the old style and the new style; and to say by whom the latter was introduced into Europe, and why it was so long hindered in England. Was it the House of Lords who denounced the rectification of the calendar as Popish? Did Lord CHESTERFIELD, Lord MACCLESFIELD, and Dr. BRADLEY, who drew up the Bill, represent the stupidity of the educated classes, and the mob who shouted "Give us back our eleven days," and saw in the death of Dr. BRADLEY the judgment of an angry Providence, the intelligence of ignorance? The fact that the popular vote would have restored the STUARTS in 1714 may or may not be with Sir CHARLES RUSSELL a proof of the popular wisdom. Were the GORDON Riots a sign of the sagacity of ignorance? and the measures for the relief of Roman Catholics against which those riots were directed a sign of the stupidity and illiberality of education? Was Lord MANSFIELD or the mob which broke into Lord MANSFIELD'S house and burnt his library and manuscripts the real representative of progress? Were SHELburne and PITT, or the machine-smashers and rick-burners, the Luddites and Spencean philanthropists, the true disciples of ADAM SMITH? Mr. COBDEN complained that, in his agitation for Free-trade, he got no aid from the working classes, who preferred Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

There was an old writer whom Protestants reject as apocryphal, but whom the Roman Catholic Church receives as canonical, whose views it is difficult to harmonize with those of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL as to the wisdom of ignorance. This writer held that "the wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise." While admitting that ploughmen and herds, carpenters, smiths, potters, and the like, were most respectable people, to be trusted in their own arts, he held that the art of government was not among those arts, and was, to speak in the terms of modern politics, decidedly against giving them the franchise. But, supposing that they had somehow or other got votes for Jerusalem, or Samaria, or Jericho, we doubt whether the author of the Book of Ecclesiasticus would have held that their ignorance was their true qualification, and would not have urged them to remove it, instead of placing their trust in it. We have enfranchised the men whose talk is of bullocks and whose care is to make furrows, as well as the smith who sitteth by the anvil, and the potter who turns the wheel, the agricultural labourer and the artisan, and cannot apply the whole wisdom of the son of SIRACH to our political problems; but, so far as it is still applicable, we prefer it to the wisdom of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL.

It is as true, no doubt, in our time as it was in CHAUCER'S that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest men; that the political pedant is often as great a fool as the illiterate blockhead, and that, to minds which are capable of receiving them, the lessons derived at first hand from life and business are more valuable than those which are derived from books. But it remains true that the mind doubly disciplined by education and experience will be doubly capable. It may be true that the judgment of the whole world is beyond challenge, and that what has been held always everywhere, and by all men, has the promise of truth. But the universal consent of all ages and nations has nothing to do with the fluctuating majorities of English party politics. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S dictum amounts only to this—that the side which has triumphed in the past is the side which ought to have triumphed, and that to be on what looks like the winning side in the present and future is to be on the right side. Even so the truth which commands the uneducated majority at the decisive last moment of its struggle has been the forlorn hope of inconsiderable minorities for years and generations before. The uneducated majority is wrong ten times before it is right once. In cases of popular grievances, the evil is most keenly felt by the masses, as being most widely diffused over them; with them the agitation for its removal may begin. But this greater sensitiveness does not involve greater intelligence. To think that it does is to confound the wounded creature's cry of pain with the healing skill of the trained physician.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S TEMPERANCE BILL.

IT may be, as some people smilingly assert, that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has taken up the Temperance cry as a mere matter of calculation. Nothing is more likely, indeed; but those who love him least must allow

that there is no singularity in that. It is the practice of all climbing politicians to take up promising cries, and the most august statesmanship of the age does the same thing on occasion. It is extremely probable that the member for Paddington, finding that he had lost his hold on popular favour, and feeling that it would be too tedious and difficult a task to regain the esteem of his alienated friends, looked about him for the shortest means of becoming a people's friend once more; and so adopted the rôle of Temperance Reformer. That, however, is a small matter, with which we need not trouble ourselves. The cause may be a good one, whatever Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S motive in making it his own; and, so far as his advocacy is concerned, we have only to look to its scope and character.

The speech with which he introduced his Licensing Bill was very long, very cumbrous, and loaded with matter so familiar that its repetition has become intolerably wearisome. But, evidently, Lord RANDOLPH wished to occupy the whole position with horse, foot, and artillery in his own uniform; and, unhappily, no House of Commons legislator can believe that he has introduced a Bill with sufficient *éclat* unless it can be said that he spoke for at least an hour and fifty minutes. That is how these things are done nowadays. But Lord RANDOLPH'S speech of Tuesday would have been far more workmanlike if he had not bored his audience with an hour-long recital of opinions to the effect that drunkenness is a national evil. He might as well have called up the ghost of Mr. BRUCE—who departed this life when he became Lord ABERDARE—to assure us that honesty is the best policy. Nothing in the wide world is better known than that, when the drunkenness of individuals becomes common, it amounts to a national evil; and there is no dissent from the opinion that national evils are "a Government matter." As a source of crime—that is to say, as the source of crime that "fills our gaols"—drunkenness has been over-painted. But as provocative of vice, as a source of misery in innumerable homes, drunkenness deserves the appellation once applied by Mr. GLADSTONE to some critical remarks of Mr. DISRAELI'S: it is nothing less than "hellish." As "a national evil" it is yet more clearly recognisable in the physical and moral degradation inflicted on the race as a whole by habitual drunkards; in that respect coming very nearly on the same level with smallpox and some other diseases which legislation does or did suppress through arbitrary interference with the individual, to the disgust of a wide circle of faddists who are compulsory-temperance men as often as not. We are pretty much agreed, therefore, that here is a national evil of such magnitude that the State should endeavour to check it by any rightful means at its command. But yet we are not agreed; for, in the first place, some of us refuse to distinguish between drunkenness and drinking, and insist that any means are rightful which does away with the one and at the same time suppresses the other; though they are willing, indeed, to allow of drinking if it is strictly confined to the sort of beverages which they choose to appoint for consumption. Others take a different view. Some contend that the State has no right to interfere with drunkenness, or rather should confine its interference to punishing the drunkard when he offends against the law. Others, without going as far as this, insist that the State shall not interfere with the liberty of drinking—every man according to his own choice, without getting drunk; and, broadly speaking, it is the difficulty of reconciling these parties which leads to such bitter controversies over "the drink question," and to so many abortive attempts in the way of temperance legislation.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Bill is the latest attempt; and though we have not seen its proposals in detail, we judge from his account of them that his drink-restriction measure is as tolerable as any of its predecessors, and more so than some. It certainly has a far greater chance of acceptance. Mr. GOSCHEN'S Budget statement, with its astonishing and disheartening story of the surplus, has made a profound impression all through the country. In particular, it silences the strongest and most effective argument against liquor-traffic abolitionists. For years the consumption of strong drink had been steadily declining, and that by not a little. Everyone who pretended to acquaintance with the habits of the people declared that just as drunkenness had disappeared amongst the higher classes of society, so it was going out as "bad form" amongst the lower. This, we knew, was quite in the natural order of things. Besides, education had been doing its work according to expectation;

and though school-board rates had indeed become burdensome, there was an enormous compensation in the reduction of waste by drink expenditure, and in a moral improvement that must tell on the cost of workhouses and gaols—to put the calculation on the lowest grounds. That being so, why should the State rush in with its provoking vetoes and limitations, impossible to work reasonably, and all but certain to lead to violent reaction? Why not let well alone, trusting to the natural operation of a sentiment without which no real or lasting improvement could be hoped for? That argument did much to keep the immoderate enthusiasm of the temperance faddist in check. But now comes Mr. GOSCHEN to tell us that the increasing sobriety of the masses was all a mistake. The drink bill of the country diminished steadily for thirteen or fourteen years; but it was an error to suppose that the taste for strong drink was declining all that time. Or if it did decline, it breaks out in 1890 with inexplicable suddenness. There has been no such drinking year since 1875-6, “which beat all previous record.” Something more than disappointment has ensued upon this revelation. It has been received with general alarm—an alarm to which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was the first to give expression. “I call the special attention of the House of Commons,” he said, “to this extraordinary circumstance, which places upon the Government and upon the House an increasing liability to deal with the question of the consumption of alcoholic drinks.” Mr. RITCHIE spoke to much the same effect in replying to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL’S speech on Tuesday night; and there is every reason to believe that before the session is out we shall see some broad legislative project on foot for limiting the consumption of alcoholic liquors. The Government is plainly in favour of the attempt; and if Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL manages his Bill with a little more than his customary discretion he may enjoy a triumph which we sincerely hope may be lasting, though not with much confidence. He proposes to place the licensing of public-houses under “popular control,” which means under the control of County or Municipal Councils elected by the ratepayers. Further he proposes that the Councils shall delegate their authority to Committees appointed for various districts, and that a majority of two-thirds shall put a veto on all licensing whatever. But he sticks to the principle of compensation. The Government accepts the “popular control” principle; of course it stands by the justice of compensation; and it is stiffly opposed to the “veto,” which would be intolerable even if it could be made to work. Whether Lord RANDOLPH will insist on this part of his scheme he has now to decide; and, considering the certainty that he will not pass his Bill with that provision in it, he will probably give it up. Mr. CAINE says, or rather swears, on behalf of “the Temperance party as a solid whole,” that there shall be no remedial legislation that includes compensation to publicans; but he may depend upon it that the Temperance party as a solid whole will be disappointed in its cravings for a senseless vengeance. But, unless we misread the signs of the times, that party is about to achieve much that it has been labouring for so long. All that can be hoped is that the Government and the Legislature will not be pushed by the alarm of Mr. GOSCHEN’S discovery into rash experimentalisings on dangerous ground.

POLITICS AND SCANDAL.

MR. JAMES LOWTHER is to be heartily congratulated upon the result of the action brought against him by ARTHUR BURR. Of BURR himself the public, which had heard a great deal too much of him, has probably now heard the last. His own counsel declared with pardonable exaggeration that “the facts of the case involved, in a sense, ‘the question of life or death to the plaintiff.’” The jury have now found that what Mr. LOWTHER said of BURR was true, and Mr. Justice DENMAN has described BURR’S conduct as “dirty, shabby, and blackguardly.” What reputation the man ever had is, therefore, gone. But that is a comparatively unimportant point. So far as the public are concerned the interesting questions are whether people in responsible positions such as Stewards of the Jockey Club can safely denounce discreditable transactions, and whether personal spite is a legitimate element in political contests. Mr. LOWTHER, not acting merely as a private individual, but in his character of steward, had to consider a scheme promoted by BURR for the establishment of a suburban racecourse at Lingfield. BURR wanted to lay out at this place a racecourse which he chose to call by the ridiculously

inappropriate name of Bellaggio, and to obtain from the public for that purpose the sum of fifty thousand pounds. The Stewards unanimously decided—and most sensible men will agree with them—that there were racecourses enough in the neighbourhood of London already. Here they might have stopped. But Mr. LOWTHER is not in the habit of keeping his opinions to himself, or of calling a spade an agricultural implement. He went to the Gimcrack Club, and delivered himself with characteristic freedom as well about Bellaggio as about BURR. On this occasion there were no reporters present, and, as usually happens where a speech is made in their absence, erroneous and contradictory rumours got abroad as to what Mr. LOWTHER had really said. Thereupon he did what a courageous and straightforward man ought to do. He went to the office of the *Sporting Life*, and requested that his speech might be published from his dictation, offering to take the consequences and stand the shot. It was upon the statement so made, taken down, printed, and circulated, that the action of libel was brought. Mr. LOWTHER proved his justification to the jury, and was therefore entitled to their verdict. If he had not proved it, he would have had to pay; for in the circumstances there was no privilege. His success will be welcomed by all those who think that if a great national pastime is to be prevented from degenerating into a great national nuisance, it must be purged from greedy speculators and rotten undertakings. Very hard measure has recently been dealt out to members of administrative and representative bodies who asserted in good faith what they could not demonstrate by conclusive evidence. Mr. LOWTHER has been more fortunate and perhaps more prudent.

The article or summary in the *Sporting Life* was not, however, the only publication for which BURR sued Mr. LOWTHER. In June 1888 Mr. LOWTHER stood as a candidate and was elected as member for the Isle of Thanet. On that occasion he issued a “Caution” in the shape of a placard. “The electors of Thanet,” ran this document, “are put upon their guard against libellous personal attacks upon Mr. LOWTHER, which are being circulated by the discomfited promoters of a speculative scheme which a combination of London usurers and bill-discounters have been vainly endeavouring to foist upon the neighbourhood of Lingfield.” Then followed more specific references to BURR himself and his proceedings. Now if this circular had been unprovoked, it might have been difficult merely to defend it, however true in substance and in fact. But it was obviously, on the face of it, a reply. BURR admitted in the witness-box that he had sent a lugger to Margate and Ramsgate with a black flag, on which were the words “Remember Lingfield and LOWTHER. But do not vote for LOWTHER.” A lower type of electioneering could not be conceived, and such a trick amply justified Mr. LOWTHER for his crushing retort. Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEX, Mr. LOWTHER’S opponent, entirely repudiated BURR and fought the election like a gentleman on purely political grounds. It is happily not very often nowadays that such topics are introduced into the open part of a Parliamentary contest. Private canvassing still leaves plenty of room for a good deal of contemptible gossip and nibbling at the characters of the candidates behind their backs. Lord Justice BOWEN, when sitting as an election judge, once laid down the principle that a man who asked for the suffrages of his fellow-citizens should talk to them on nothing but politics. This is a counsel of perfection, and cynics said it showed that Sir CHARLES BOWEN had never stood for Parliament himself. But there are a good many people concerned in an election besides the representatives of the respective parties, and on either side there may be a BURR. When there is, no mercy should be shown him. It is the duty of Conservatives and Liberals in every constituency to select men of good reputation to fight their battles. But in any circumstances, and under any conditions, it is not to be endured that a fellow who thinks he has a personal grievance against Mr. This or Mr. That, on some question totally unconnected with politics, should trot out his wrongs at election-time to damage his enemy’s chances. That “new journalism,” which is only a bad imitation of obsolete scandalmongering, borrowed without acknowledgment from less civilized times, has given a morbid stimulus to the activity of many noxious animals. Mr. LOWTHER deserves the thanks of the community for having manfully and triumphantly resisted an impudent attempt to libel him first, and extort money from him afterwards.

THER
HAR
any rate,
tribution

EAST AFRICA.

THE interest which has been felt in Mr. STANLEY'S return and in the curious behaviour of his friend EMIN Pasha is, no doubt, to a great extent personal, and almost of the *quidnunc* kind. But there is such an abundance of intelligence from the district concerned, and some of that intelligence is, if true, of such importance to England, that it is almost necessary from time to time to endeavour to reduce it to a subject of reasoned and reasonable comment. Two articles in this month's magazines deal with the subject—one, a strong, but anonymous, attack on the conduct of the Germans, in *Blackwood*; the other, to which weight is given by the announcement that the author has accepted the governorship of the British East African Company's territory, by Sir FRANCIS DE WINTON, in the *Nineteenth Century*. And two items of news of the greatest importance have been received—one announcing the forthcoming attack on Kilwa by Major WISSMANN and the German squadron (with an English ship-of-war watching the case on behalf of parties interested), the other that an emissary of the British Company has cut Dr. PETERS, even if the Doctor be still alive, out by forming completely satisfactory treaties with the King of UGANDA. Somewhat earlier there was the less pleasant report that Germans had been, as they would say in a place where Germans are well known, "fooling around with flags" in the undoubtedly British region of Mount Kenia; while it is still from time to time confidently reasserted that EMIN PASHA'S expedition and purpose are as hostile to British interests as they can well be.

In all this there are two things, and perhaps two only, which are perfectly clear. The first is that the conduct of private and individual Germans and of the officials of the German Companies has been, and still is, of the most vexatious, unwarrantable, and unfriendly character. The other is that English protests against this conduct do not always take a perfectly full and reasonable account of accomplished facts. We may perhaps add a third, that, when the concession of a "sphere of influence" to Germany was or had been made, it was a very grievous error on England's part to permit the existence of the German position at Vitu—far away from the German sphere proper, on the other side of the English sphere, and sure to be used as a basis for filibustering. But when we get beyond these general propositions it is by no means easy to lay down others. It is difficult—nay, more, it is impossible—to put the finger on a single act in which the German Government itself has overstepped the agreements with England, has encouraged any of its subjects to violate them, or has refused to attend to English representations. This being the case, it is really not clear what those who complain so loudly of the Germans would have us do. We may regret, we do regret, that they were ever allowed to interlope in a region which was British by almost every conceivable right—that of exploration, that of trade, that of the relations of England with the State of which Zanzibar was an offset, that of a long-established predominance which nothing but English prudery prevented from being an actual protectorate. But the thing, as we have so often said, was done; and there is no sillier or less dignified proceeding than grumbling over a bargain after concluding it. It would be a great thing to get the Germans out of Vitu, and to do this some concession might be made in other directions. But, really, the thing is, as in the old Jesuit retort, to "go and do likewise"; to work the "influence" in the sphere as vigorously as and more practically than the Germans themselves have done; to let those chiefs whom wandering Germans have deluded know that their treaties are invalid, and that the British Company is the only body that can make valid treaties with them; to establish a solid connexion between the coast and the Victoria Nyanza; and to take the best of all means of hindering the Germans from establishing themselves where they are not wanted by preventing them, in the literal sense—that is to say, getting there first. To do this will be at once more dignified and more profitable than grumbling over the spilt milk of the concession to Germany and anticipating the dreadful things that Germany is going to do.

SIR WILLIAM'S METAPHORS.

THERE is little or nothing to be noted in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S recent speech at Guildford—or little, at any rate, for those who took the trouble to study his contribution to the Land Purchase Bill debate; the later

speech, so far as substance is concerned a mere *réchauffé* of the earlier one, only somewhat more coarsely seasoned in its cookery to suit the taste of a popular audience. We knew before Sir WILLIAM went to Guildford what he thinks, or professes to think, of the transaction proposed by the Government to the Irish landlords and their tenants, of the extent to which they propose to facilitate it by an advance from the Imperial Exchequer, and by the guarantees taken by them for the repayment of the loan. And it would be post-dating our knowledge to say that we knew, before Sir WILLIAM went to Guildford, that he, the member of a Government which proposed a transaction of five times greater magnitude on a hundred times worse security, would condemn the reckless improvidence of this transaction; because we knew it before he rose to speak in the House last Monday night. You have, in fact, only to ask yourself, as regards any Irish question whatsoever, what is the most shameless feat of tergiversation which could be committed in connexion with it, and you may rely upon being able to forecast the main tenor of any speech which, under stress of party controversy, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may feel called upon to contribute to the discussion of it. But, though it may be interesting to the constructor of such a forecast to hear it confirmed from the right hon. gentleman's own lips, he does not usually care to listen to this confirmation a second time a few days later; and this, therefore, must be our excuse for declining to trouble ourselves or our readers with the substance of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Guildford speech.

Nothing, indeed, can be honestly described as worthy of notice about it except the *curiosa infelicitas* of its metaphors and illustrations. This infelicity—a strangely common characteristic in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S orations—is, in the specimen before us, almost monumental. It would be difficult, for example, to beat, in point of sheer imprudence, the attempt of the jesting orator to cap a recent observation of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S in this wise:—"Birmingham is a place where there are kettles of fish, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is well acquainted with the hot water and the cookery which"—but why proceed with the quotation? Let us rather ask what ghastly fatality it is that so often leads the straying feet of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S metaphor into the kitchen—the kitchen, where there may be "cookery" of quite an other-guess sort from that to which he has so rashly referred; the kitchen, where there are stews, and stewpans, and *that juice* which—but enough: the subject is too painful. It is, indeed, almost "creepy" to find Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT again wandering round the *batterie de cuisine*. It reminds one of those stories of a mysterious attraction compelling a murderer to haunt the scene of his crime.

Or, again, take this:—"It [the Land Purchase Bill] is a bribe to induce the Irish people to forego the demand for Home Rule, like an attempt which was made by the Romans, when they had ceased to be brave, to buy off the Gauls. The Gauls took the money, but they always came back stronger, and they made the same demands. This policy of buying off the Gauls is always a mistake." Now, considering the disastrously candid account given, not indeed of a Land Purchase Bill, but of a Home Rule Bill, by a late Ministerial colleague and close political associate of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S, is it possible to conceive a more hideous piece of *mal à propos* than this? Was it not calculated to give any sensitive listener to the member for Derby what is expressively described as "cold water down the back"? Surely if anything could recall that famous *argumentum ad terrorem* which did so much damage at the time to the Gladstonian Home Rulers, and which its author, Mr. MORLEY, must recall, we should think, with such an acute sense of humiliation and discomfort, it would be this unluckiest of allusions to what was done to buy off certain American Fenian Gauls by certain Roman-Britons "when they had ceased to be brave."

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN PARIS.

IT is obvious that the complete defeat of the Boulangist candidates in the municipal elections in Paris has been at once a surprise and a relief to the Republicans. In spite of much confident assertion to the contrary, they were, to judge by the sincerity of their delight at the result, by no means sure that the irrepressible M. BOULANGER would not come up again. He has not; and there is now really

solid reason to believe that he is actually buried. Absolute security is not to be obtained on such a point, and we may perhaps hear once more that the General has been elected by a triumphant majority somewhere when the news was least expected. Even that, however, could hardly be the beginning of another career like the last; and it is in itself extremely improbable. The immense disproportion between the votes given for the General when he stood for deputy and those given to his party last Sunday show conclusively that he has lost half his ground in Paris. Moreover, it is an unfortunate thing for him that M. CONSTANS should have come so much to the front. It is becoming the belief that in M. CONSTANS the Republicans possess a strong man; and the possession of that advantage means a great deal everywhere, and everything in France. There will be no ground for surprise if the figure of the ex-Governor of Tonquin replaces that of General BOULANGER on the stage of the next year or two at least, and perhaps for longer. There is a strength of wrist about M. CONSTANS, an unscrupulous promptitude, a tact in choosing his time, and even an understanding of the arts which attain and retain power in France, which promise well. Whether he has really threatened or not to send the foreign revolutionary refugees in France back home or not, it is characteristic of the man that he should be believed capable of doing it. In all probability he could do it, and gain by the doing. Dislike of all foreigners has increased of late in France, and the mass of the *bourgeoisie* fear and hate revolutionary parties. If M. CONSTANS were to induce his colleagues to pack the Nihilist refugees, for instance, on to a transport, and ship them to St. Petersburg, he would very possibly be applauded, and would certainly forward the desired Russian alliance. In any case the incident would be highly amusing. The connexion between the defeat of the Boulangists and the policy of M. CONSTANS may not be obvious, but it is real. M. CONSTANS has most of the credit for the defeat of the General, and the election in Paris will further increase his reputation. There has certainly, too, been a great increase of vigour in the measures taken against the Socialist agitators since the result was known.

The defeat of the Boulangists is apparently considered enough to be satisfied with for the present, for in themselves they are not favourable to the Republic. The Opportunists and Moderate Republicans together did not register nearly as many votes as the "Radical Autonomists"—a party which makes it its boast that it descends from the Commune. But, then, it is possible that the Republicans have come to the sensible conclusion that they must expect that hostility from Paris which Paris has shown to every Government. If so, they need not greatly care who obtains votes in the capital and who does not, as long as he is not a popular leader with a following in the rest of the country. Those who imagine that the affairs of a great city are enough to deserve the attention of the citizens may observe, with discouragement, perhaps, but certainly with advantage, that the local affairs of Paris have had very little or no apparent effect on the voting. The last Council was insanely extravagant. It burdened Paris with a preposterous debt for public works which are as yet hardly begun, and have already cost so much that further liabilities will have to be incurred to finish them. It does not appear, however, that anybody voted for a more economical Town Council. The party which claims to represent the good sense and administrative virtues of the Republicans—the Moderates themselves—split the vote of their party on a purely political point in this municipal election. We do not think they are greatly to blame, for they could not have gone with the Opportunists without committing themselves to the support of politicians whom they thoroughly distrust. Still, though their action was intelligible, it shows how difficult—how impossible, in fact—it is to confine the contest at municipal elections to municipal questions. Another lesson of the election is to be found in the failure of Conservatives to make much impression on their various opponents. They did put politics aside, and decided to fight on the question of the laicization of the hospitals; but they gained nothing by so doing. It would seem that, though the anti-Clerical Republican policy of the last few years has greatly outraged a portion of French society, it has not been resented by the majority of voters—at least in Paris.

THE LESSON OF THE LATEST EVICTIONS.

THE circumstances of evicted Irish tenants, and the causes which lead to their eviction, usually illustrate the wisdom and humanity of their Parnellite advisers in a more or less forcible fashion. Most often, perhaps, the lesson which they teach most eloquently is that of the cruel political selfishness of the agitator who can threaten and cajole a number of fairly flourishing and contented men to their ruin for purely "business purposes" of his own. Sometimes, however, the moral is a somewhat different one; and we have to reflect, not on the inhumanity to individuals which is displayed in ruining one's prosperous neighbour, but on the cynicism implied in deliberately perpetuating conditions of profound social wretchedness for the purposes aforesaid. The particular evictions now in progress in Ireland are illustrations rather of the latter than the former description of political iniquity. It is true, no doubt, that there are some among the evicted tenants on the PONSONBY estate who might have managed to "live and thrive" on their holdings if the "high-minded gentlemen" below the gangway would only have left them alone. Among those whose eviction is discussed in the latest reports from the district, we find a tenant of 106 acres at 92*l.* a year, and another of 67 acres at 46*l.*; and it is of course possible that, though much in arrear with their rent, they might, if they had accepted the landlord's terms of compromise, and had been left alone by agitators for the future, have managed at last to get straight, and to prolong their tenancies with some prospect of advantage to themselves.

But what is to be said of PATRICK STAUNTON, whose holding consists of 10½ acres, rented at 9*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and who owes seven years' rent? What is to be said of WILLIAM BEAUSANG, with a holding of 11 acres at 4*l.* 5*s.*, who has not paid rent for over five years? What of the tenants of holdings of only "half an acre in extent," and of the tenants whose arrears have run, not for five or seven, but for ten years? Is it not perfectly obvious that for some—perhaps for most of these unhappy people—it is a perfectly desperate look-out, that they never have made, and never can hope to make, both ends meet, and that the kindest thing that could be done for them is to uproot them from a soil incapable of supporting them. Not, indeed, that this has been in any way too hastily or inflexibly assumed to be the only proper mode of treatment. In every case an offer has been made to an evicted tenant, the acceptance of which would give a chance of recovery to every one for whom such a chance could by any possibility be created. These defaulters of six, seven, and more years' standing have been offered a suspension of proceedings on payment of a year's rent and costs, with an allowance of a month during which to make a proposal for the purchase of their holding. PATRICK STAUNTON, for instance, was offered four years ago an abatement of 20 percent., which would have reduced his rent from 9*l.* odd to 7*l.* odd; while, if he had availed himself of an offer of purchase made last April, his annual payment would now be only 5*l.* 10*s.* But, no; PATRICK STAUNTON prefers to get three months' imprisonment for ploughing up Mr. PONSONBY's land, and to be prosecuted and held to bail on a charge of intimidation and boycotting. He prefers to barricade his house against eviction and to resist the emergency-men with a shovel. We do not say, observe, that STAUNTON was wrong in not purchasing his holding. For all we know, he might be unable to live on it at 5*l.* 10*s.* a year. But what we do say is that, if he cannot purchase it and will not or cannot pay an abated rent for it, it is better for himself, for his family, and the community at large that he should go, and not stay; and we say that the agitator who dissuades, or perhaps prohibits, him from accepting his landlord's offer, and yet encourages him to stay on his holding, is the worst enemy of all the three interests above enumerated that is to be found in Ireland, not excepting even PATRICK STAUNTON himself. We commend the whole account of the PONSONBY evictions to those who have studied Mr. BALFOUR's speech in Thursday night's debate, that they may see what sort of comment they furnish on his weighty remarks about emigration.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

OUT of the mouths of its chairman and of Sir T. H. FARRER, the County Council has been telling us this week how much it has done and how little it has really cost. At the same time it has quite frankly explained that it would like to do very much more, if only Parliament would let it loose, and has given warning that it proposes to increase the rates very materially. The part of this confession which refers to work has been entrusted to Lord ROSEBURY, and though much the longest, it is also the least important. What the Chairman of the Council had to say amounted, in fact, to this, that the new municipal authority has arranged its lodgings and its committees, and has taken over the work it was elected to do. Also, it has not been exclusively engaged in discussing fads, listening to fad-mongers, and spouting socialism and water. It has shown itself not incapable of making a compromise between its principles and its interests. When, for instance, it acquired a public license, it did not let it lapse in the interest of sobriety. No; it kept it up in the interest of the ratepayer who has votes, and is apt to use them against people who unduly dip into his pocket. This is to the credit of the sense of the County Council. So also is the reluctant discovery of the members that they could not fight successfully against those laws of nature which enact that fogs shall be produced in the Thames Valley. Experience, we see, teaches even County Councilmen. For the rest the Chairman was not able to show that the respectable body of which he is the head has done very much beyond putting itself in the way of discharging modest municipal functions decently. It has tried to introduce a new principle into the taxation of London, and has been crushed by a Parliamentary paving-stone. This is about its greatest feat. We also learn that the Council will soon lose its Chairman. We are not surprised to hear it. The gloss is off the new institution, and it stands confessed a species of bigger vestry. A little longer and no one will belong to it who would not also belong to a vestry. The history of the School Board will be repeated and perhaps bettered. What will happen then we shall see. Perhaps decent commonplace will reign, and perhaps we shall have an English version of the Municipal Council of Paris. What we shall certainly not have will be the eminent body intent on governing this great city in a becoming way, which was predicted in those days of hope when Mr. RITCHIE'S Bill was becoming an Act.

Sir THOMAS FARRER, not in the least meaning to do it, has supplied us with some reasons for believing that what will come will be the Municipal Council of Paris with a difference. It requires some faith to accept his soothing preliminary assurance that the County Council has cost us nothing. The rates, he insists, have not really risen. They have only seemed to rise. We should like to know what we have saved—to know, by experience, we mean, not through Sir THOMAS FARRER'S demonstration only. Allowing, however, that he is right, it still is rather ominous to listen to his assertion that the Council has great intentions as to the levying of rates in future and the spending of millions, as well as to his convincing demonstration that the County Council is singularly ill-fitted to manage its revenues with economy. On these two points it is easy to agree with Sir THOMAS. A popularly elected body which has vast revenues to dispose of is very likely to enjoy spending them, when it hopes to be able to drain the pockets of a minority of those who must pay for the supposed advantage of the majority. That this is the hope of the County Council is very frankly confessed by Sir T. H. FARRER at the end of the second of the two letters to the *Times*, in which he has reviewed and justified the finance of the County Council. "Finally," he says, "I would add that the increase of rating by the Council is a very serious matter, and that it will bring into greater prominence than ever the necessity for altering its incidence so as to throw some portion of the burden on that large part of London property which now escapes direct taxation." Sir THOMAS FARRER is, doubtless, aware that any such alteration in the incidence of taxation will immediately be interpreted into a rise of price of something, and perhaps of many things. But we are not conscious of any shadow of injustice in believing that there are many members of the County Council who do not know it. They will apply their direct taxation, if they get their chance, with an imperturbable belief that it will be borne wholly by those on whom it is placed. By the time that experience has shown them and the rate-

payers the truth, London will be a much dearer place than it is now. Whether it will be a better, we doubt. Sir THOMAS FARRER'S account of the Council's financial management does not inspire confidence, neither does it surprise. What he has to say is, that the Council passes everything without inquiry. This he attributes to the clause in the Act which requires the consent of the Council to every outlay of more than fifty pounds, and so throws a vast amount of mere detail work on it. There is force in the excuse, but we have no confidence that economy will be better secured if this check—such as it is—is removed. The result is more likely to be that the Council will be led by the nose by the officials of the Finance Committee. To be sure we have no belief that the Council will ever, of its own mere motion, be restrained from extravagance and bad finance. A good tradition might be established if the majority of the Councilmen were unseated at the next election by the indignant ratepayers. Perhaps a little folly now might produce that result two years hence, and on that ground we are not sure that the Council should be restrained from making an even greater fool of itself than it has made already.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

IT would be interesting, though perhaps not very profitable, to speculate on the course which might have been taken by the debate on the Land Purchase Bill if Mr. PARNELL had not intervened in it, or if, intervening, he had refrained from flinging his "alternative project" into its midst. One thing at least is certain, that English Gladstonians would have had a far easier task, and have made a far better job of it, if that superfluous and embarrassing scheme had remained within the breast and behind the lips of its inventor. For in fact Mr. PARNELL'S enunciation of it was, as has ever since been dawning on the disconcerted Gladstonians, a mere giving up of their game. There is not, and there never was, more than one barely decent rag of pretext under which to cloak their opposition to a Land Purchase Bill introduced by the present Government; and Mr. PARNELL, while carefully draping himself in his own excusatory garment—one of no possible use to them—has coolly stripped them naked of theirs. Mr. PARNELL can and does attempt to justify himself to the Irish tenant farmers for resisting the Bill by substituting for it a proposal which to a large proportion of the class may present a more immediately attractive appearance than the Ministerial offer; but it is not open to Mr. GLADSTONE and his English followers to do anything of the kind. They could not possibly admit that a system of "fining" such as Mr. PARNELL proposes to apply to the rents of holdings under 50*l.* valuation would meet the necessities of the case. To cite no other proof of this impossibility, it is obvious that Mr. PARNELL'S scheme would tend to stereotype and perpetuate the arrangement of the "dual ownership," and to this arrangement the Gladstonians—for all that their leader was the inventor both of the name and the thing—are irrevocably pledged to put an end. No part or lot, therefore, can they have in this plan of the member for Cork, while he, in the very act of propounding it, and by the very fact of providing himself through it with his own excuse for opposing the Ministerial measure, has utterly bereft them of theirs. For, of course, their only line—and they knew it—was to contend that "boons" of any kind offered by a "Coercion" Government to the Irish tenant must from the nature of the case be a snare. An Administration which includes Mr. BALFOUR among its members could not *really* wish to improve the lot of the occupier. At best they could only be desiring to keep him quiet on the cheapest terms, and at worst they were trying to cajole him with an illusory promise of advantages which, when he attempted to realise them, would turn out to belong—"like his improvements before 1870," we can imagine the Gladstonian adding—to his landlord, and not to himself. This, we say, was the English Separatist's only hopeful line of argument—his only way of escape from the painful necessity of supporting a Ministerial measure of pacification for Ireland; and lo! it has been completely closed to him by Mr. PARNELL. For Mr. PARNELL, who knows the Government as well as Mr. GLADSTONE knows them, and the Irish tenant a good deal better, would, he has amazingly disclosed, have been perfectly ready to accept boons for the tenant at the hand of the present Government—perfectly ready, or so he seems to declare, to work

with the unspeakable Mr. BALFOUR at a resettlement of the agrarian system in Ireland, if only the Government would consent to vary the particular "boon" which they had proposed to confer, and to modify the specific resettlement which they were contemplating.

No wonder that, after so *foudroyant* an announcement as this, the debate on the Gladstonian side has been an unbroken record, an unrelieved picture of argumentative confusion. What, indeed, are the wretched men to say or do? To accept Mr. PARNELL's proposal is not, as we have before said, to be thought of for a moment. It is all very well for Mr. MORLEY to seek cheap credit for statesmanlike caution by warning the English public to give the proposal careful consideration; or for Mr. GLADSTONE to pretend that it is beyond his comprehension. Mr. GLADSTONE comprehends it perfectly well, and Mr. MORLEY must have taken off his considering-cap by this time. It is, in plain language, a proposal not only to reverse the agrarian policy to which Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers have been committed for years—that in itself might perhaps weigh little with them at a pinch—but to initiate a new agrarian policy quite incapable of being fitted in with the Gladstonian scheme, or any conceivable development of the Gladstonian scheme of Home Rule. We need not labour the point, however; the attitude of the whole body of English Separatists above and below the gangway sufficiently clearly indicates their conviction that Mr. PARNELL's scheme is one which they cannot so much as look at. But in that case, why not accept the Ministerial plan? Why not co-operate with the Government, as Mr. PARNELL, if they would only work on his lines, would be willing to do, in carrying it out? Once admit, as their ally has practically admitted, that such co-operation is possible, and indeed that the offer of it is imperative upon him in the interests of his tenant clients, and the Gladstonian is thrown helplessly back on all those mere objections of detail to the Land Purchase Bill, some of which are manifestly hollow, while others he is in reality estopped by his own legislative record from putting forward. Mr. GLADSTONE's laboriously ineffective exposition of his four heads of objection to the measure was probably the best that could be done in this kind; and what a "best" it was! How essentially frivolous the argument from the non-assent of the Irish representatives to the Ministerial proposals in face of the fact that the Opposition themselves will have nothing to do with the latest Irish scheme! How fallacious, in its suggested analogy, the contention that the country has declared against all pledges of Imperial credit for Irish land purchase! How gross the political inconsistency implied in the depreciation of State landlordism, and how far-fetched and fantastic the fears that the landlord, who is everywhere more anxious to sell than the tenant to buy, will be the "master of the contract"!

Yet where Mr. GLADSTONE left the case against the Land Purchase Bill there it has remained. Or, if anything, it has been weakened by subsequent contributions to the debate—such, for instance, as that of Mr. DILLON, who has got his own scheme for dealing with the congested districts (unless, indeed, he was only giving the contents of the Memorandum which so unfortunately slipped out of Mr. PARNELL's hat on the earlier night), and such, also, if we class a nominal supporter of the Bill among its opponents, as that of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who holds, as we understand him, that the Ministerial scheme possesses full moral authority without the assent of the Irish members, but thinks that it would be well to suspend its operation until certain Irish local authorities not yet in existence come into existence, and have been invested with the power to prevent it from operating at all. Against this proposal we are glad to see that the Government have in the person of Mr. BALFOUR distinctly set their face. Whatever may be their immediate intentions with regard to the extension of local government to Ireland, they do not contemplate anything so particularly reckless as the plan of handing over the virtual control of a vast scheme of land purchase to the newly-created bodies. For the rest, Mr. BALFOUR's speech the other night was, not only the most brilliant contribution in a dialectical sense to the debate, but it was also the weightiest, the most exhaustive, and the most persuasive defence of the Bill. Considered in its first-mentioned, that is to say, in its purely contentious aspect, it was an intellectual treat of the highest order, and one which nobody actually present at its delivery is ever likely to forget. The only drawback to a complete enjoyment of it was the somewhat distracting effect pro-

duced by the constant interruptions which it provoked, and which were not atoned for even by the complete and invariable discomfiture of the interrupters. The general effect of the scene can be faintly, but only faintly, traced in the newspaper report, from which it will be seen that the CHIEF SECRETARY "gave way" no fewer than twelve times, and to as many as five different gentlemen, eager to deliver and fated to see instantaneously demolished their various explanations of their various previous utterances. But a newspaper report cannot, of course, give an idea of the singular spectacle of a speaker supposed to be in "possession of the House," and passing a considerable portion of time in his seat, listening to the angry, confused, and futile attempts of his opponents to repel the damaging criticisms which he has levelled at them.

MR. BURNE-JONES'S BRIAR-ROSE.

IF a clear conception of the limits of one's individual talent, a power of reducing all surrounding elements into harmony with it, and an unceasing consciousness of the importance of executive skill in the expression of it, are, as they surely must be, confessed to be, the triple strand that leads to artistic excellence, then there is no painter of our day who has more successfully been faithful to the instincts of his genius than Mr. Burne-Jones. His career has been pre-eminent for the severity of its self-education. He did not begin life with the instinctive cleverness of so many eminent artists. Knack of drawing he had none, and he was slow indeed in learning what every commonplace student, with a native briskness of draughtsmanship, masters while he runs. But Mr. Burne-Jones, as his progressive work has shown, has combined with a real originality of fancy and an impassioned love of beauty a force of will that has rarely been surpassed. He has never flagged in his energy; he has never been too proud to learn; he has persisted, through a career which is now beginning to be a long one, in always doing his very best, undazzled by praise and unwearied by labour. He has his reward. The artist who might once have been taken, without unfairness, for an eccentric amateur, has become a master, has grown to be one of the most accomplished painters whom Europe now possesses.

These reflections have been impressed upon us by the series of four large pictures, illustrating the "Legend of the Briar-Rose," which are now being exhibited at Messrs. Agnew & Sons' Galleries. In these works, which are of an ambitious character, the peculiar qualities of Mr. Burne-Jones's genius are seen expressed with a greater fulness than ever before. The subject is that of the Sleeping Beauty, and the old story is followed in its essentials. This theme is one peculiarly suited, no doubt, to the genius of the artist, which has never been localized, and which moves most spontaneously and harmoniously where it is not trammelled by realities of history or of costume. Mr. Burne-Jones has a fairy-land of his own, which he pictures to himself and to us with scrupulous consistency. In this country, which lies somewhere east of the sun and west of the moon, he has placed his magic court, and wound the tendrils of the briar-rose tightly about it.

Over all the four pictures the same enchantment of slumber lies. In the first, the fated Prince, who looks not quite alert enough in his black armour, enters the woodland, to find his predecessors sleeping there in the thick tangle of the rose, which has even lifted their shields from them and hung them high up in its embraces. In the second, the aged King sits slumbering between the turquoise pillars of his throne, while his long enowly beard creeps down the steps like a white serpent, and his councillors, in uncouth confusion, sleep about upon their couches. In the third, six fresh maidens, who have been caught at their daily tasks by the universal stupor, are surrounded, as in a cage, by the lattice-work of the interminable briar-rose. In the fourth, the Princess lies softly sleeping, with her long body draped in white, and her delicate head sunken in a rose-coloured pillow, while three maidens dream at her feet; here the rose has crept in, with softer sprays, and leaves untouched the great sap-green curtains which hide these ladies from the outer court. Except the Prince in the first, all the figures in each of these paintings are represented asleep. It is an instance of the artist's skill that we never suppose them for an instant to be dead. The blood flows softly under the cool and pearly skin. There is the flush of life under the pallor of the carnations, while the elegance of the slumbrous attitudes has nothing of the rigidity of death.

We suspect that those who have found it most difficult to accept the mannerism of Mr. Burne-Jones will confess themselves reconciled to it at last before these highly-elaborated compositions. They will, at least, be forced to admit that nothing here is shirked, that there is no subterfuge or artifice to conceal ignorance or incapacity. From corner to corner these large canvases are finished with a scrupulous exactitude. Yet this lavish expenditure of delicate detail has been obtained at no cost of general effect. The harmony of the whole, the value of each picture as a scheme of splendid colour, is what first strikes the eye. The beauty of colour, indeed, is independent of the general execution, and we are inclined to think the second of the series,

"The Council Room," at once the least intelligible and successful in design, and the most sumptuous and superb in colour. All these pictures, but this one in particular, have the character of the finest old painted glass, as we see it still in some exceptionally fortunate churches of the centre of France. If "The Council Room" were divided into panes by leading, it might be imagined a window from Bourges or Le Mans, with its clear broad spaces of transparent colour defined by rich passages of obscurity.

There are certain inconsistencies in the tenour of the legend for which Mr. Burne-Jones is not responsible, but which are more pointedly brought to our notice in paintings than in poetry. The beard of the King grows, but all the councillors seem newly shaven; some of the figures retain, while others have wholly lost, their muscular tension; the briar-rose has grown with luxuriant profusion, but never in inconvenient directions. All these little offences against realism are as unessential in considering Mr. Burne-Jones's art as they would be in telling the story to a child. His genius is not interested in such points, and takes or leaves detail as it pleases. What is really noticeable is that we possess at last, in this magnificent series of paintings, a continuous masterpiece of a highly characteristic kind, and one that should remove all doubt that its author is one of the greatest, as he certainly is one of the most independent, of the living painters of the age.

PROPOSED AMERICAN SILVER LEGISLATION.

THERE seems no longer room for doubt that a measure providing for largely augmented purchases of silver by the American Government will be passed by Congress during the present Session. Apparently it will be based to this extent upon the proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury that the coinage of the metal will be stopped, and notes will be issued by the Treasury in payment for the bullion deposited. The Committees appointed respectively by the Senate and the House of Representatives are both in favour of this, and both recommend certain modifications of the Secretary's original plan. Mr. Windom, it will be in the recollection of our readers, asked for discretionary power to cease purchasing the metal if he saw reason for doing so. We pointed out at the time that if this demand were conceded it would give to the Secretary of the Treasury a power which ought not to be entrusted to any Minister; and we are not surprised to find, therefore, that both Committees are distinctly opposed to granting such a discretion. Further, Mr. Windom recommended originally that the Treasury should purchase all silver offered to it. Subsequently, however, he proposed that only silver raised in the United States, or smelted there from foreign ore, should be purchased. The Committees seemingly thought this limitation would raise many difficult questions, and might put it in the power of the Treasury to place obstacles in the way of purchases. They both, therefore, recommend that a fixed amount shall be purchased every month. The quantity they are in favour of is $4\frac{1}{2}$ million ounces, which would be at the rate of 54 million ounces per annum; that is to say, the quantity purchased would be somewhat more than twice what is now bought. It is too early yet to judge whether this quantity will be approved by Congress; but there is no doubt that a considerable increase will be made. Already the prospect of legislation has caused a sharp rise in the price of silver. During the past fortnight the rise at one time was from 45d. per oz. to 48d., or about 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. There has since been a fall to nearly 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per oz.; but it seems certain that, if the Bill is passed, there will be a further considerable advance. For it will obviously be to the interest of all silver-mining Companies to withhold supplies from the London market, so as to compel the American Government to buy at higher prices. Assuming that Mr. Windom's original proposals are modified in the direction recommended by the Committees, the worst evils of those proposals will be prevented; but all the same, the Bill sooner or later must have disastrous consequences for the United States. The greenbacks are to be left in circulation, the coinage of gold is to go on, and at the same time there is to be an issue of silver notes of about eleven millions sterling per annum. In other words, there is to be a large, rapid, and continuous inflation of the American currency. In the long run this must arouse fears that gold will be driven out of the country, and must, therefore, cause disturbance in the money market. In the meantime there is likely to be a wild speculation both in securities and in commodities. Already, indeed, speculation has sprung up in the securities of silver-using countries, and in the bonds and shares of American railroad Companies. It is argued that, as the currency becomes inflated, money will grow more and more easy, prices of all kinds will rise, and, therefore, speculators are eagerly buying, in the hope of being able to sell by-and-bye at handsome profits to themselves. The speculation in railroad securities is likely to be followed before long by a speculation in commodities. An inflated currency must raise wages, and prices generally. In so doing it will add to the cost of production in the United States. It will, therefore, tend to check the export of commodities from the United States, and to stimulate imports of manufactures from Europe. After a while, therefore, the speculation in commodities is almost sure to be followed by a check to trade. This will cause a fall in prices, and it will raise a fear that, as the United States become more and more indebted to Europe on

account of the increased exports, gold will have to be sent abroad to discharge the debt, and thus the country will be left ultimately with only silver in circulation.

The influence of the measure, assuming it to be passed and to be accepted by the general public, will extend far beyond the limits of the United States. It has caused already, as we have seen, a considerable rise in the price of silver, and is likely to cause a further rise before long. Immediately this will have a very beneficial effect upon the finances of India and of other silver-using countries. India, for example, has to pay in London about fifteen millions sterling every year. The taxes in India are raised in silver, and the payments in London have to be made in gold. It is clear, therefore, that the lower silver is as compared with gold the heavier is the burden upon India of these London payments. And it is also evident that every rise in the price of silver lessens the burden. Suppose, for example, that an English sovereign exchanged a little while ago for thirteen rupees, and that the price of silver were to rise so that the sovereign would be worth no more than eleven rupees. Eleven rupees, then, would discharge in London an Indian debt which a little while before it took thirteen rupees to pay. In the same way, all European officials in India who have to remit money to Europe for the maintenance of members of their families at home would be benefited, and so also would European merchants and Companies doing business in India. For example, a railway Company would be able to pay higher dividends from the same net revenue if silver were to rise materially as compared with gold. But, while the Government and European officials and traders would benefit very sensibly, the trade of India would suffer. For instance, a merchant a little while ago exporting wheat, cotton, rice, indigo, or seeds from India, sold his exports in Europe for gold. And the gold exchanged then for a larger number of rupees than it does now. But it is with rupees that he pays for commodities and for labour in India. The more rupees he gets for his commodities, therefore, the larger will be his profits; for it seems to be clearly established by the evidence laid before the Gold and Silver Commission that there has been very little rise in prices in India since 1873. In other words, the purchasing power of silver in India is nearly as great now as it was before what is called the depreciation of silver began. But now that silver has risen relatively to gold, the merchant exporting from India wheat, or cotton, or any other commodity will exchange the gold which he receives in payment for a fewer number of rupees than he did a few weeks ago. The real price, therefore, that he receives will be reduced in exact proportion to the rise in silver. This must tend inevitably to check exports from India, and consequently to injure Indian agriculture. Of course there may be, and there probably will be, a rise in European prices, and there may also be a fall in Indian railway rates and in ocean freights from India to Europe. And these two movements may go far to neutralize the influence of the rise in silver. But the effect of that will be to transfer from Indian merchants and Indian producers to the European consumers part of the loss caused by the rise in silver. So far, then, as India is concerned, the ultimate effect of a material rise in the price of silver will be, as long as it lasts, either to injure the Indian population as producers, while benefiting them as taxpayers, or else to transfer a part of the loss to European consumers. And what is true of India is true to a greater or less extent of every country in which silver is the standard of value. A rise in the price of the metal will, in the first place, check exports from all those countries; in the second place, will stimulate production in gold-using countries; and, in the third place, will raise prices in Europe of all articles which the gold-using countries cannot supply at present prices to the full extent required by Europe.

It seems to follow from all this that, as long as the rise in silver is maintained, European wheat-growers will be benefited, while European consumers will have to pay higher prices. We have seen that the tendency of an inflation of the currency in any country is to raise the cost of production in that country. Therefore we may assume that American wheat-growers will not be able to compete as successfully as heretofore against Russia and the gold-using wheat-growing countries while the American currency is inflated. We have also seen that a rise in silver is equivalent to a fall in the price of wheat and other commodities so far as India and the silver-using countries are concerned. Therefore India will be less able than she has been for some time past to compete with Russia in the wheat markets of Western Europe. The first effect, then, of a rise in silver and an inflation of the American currency will be to check the exports of wheat both from the United States and from India, and to stimulate the exports from Russia, Australia, and the gold-using countries generally. But a material falling-off in the exports of wheat from the United States and India would almost inevitably lead to a rise in the price. In 1887 and 1888 the harvests of Russia were so abundant that, although there was a very great falling-off in the exports from America, there was no sensible rise in the price in Western Europe. But it is hardly probable that the harvests of Russia will continue as good as they were in 1887 and 1888. Last year's harvest was an exceedingly bad one, and though it is too early yet to speak of the present year's crop, it would be strange if there were to be again a very large production. Unless, then, the harvests of Russia and the gold-using countries are abnormally abundant, a falling-off in the exports from the United States and India must lead to

a rise in the price of wheat. The rise, however, need not be very great, provided always that there is no great failure of the crops anywhere, for it is likely that with a falling-off in American and Indian exports there will be a reduction both in railway rates and in ocean freights. During the past two years ship-building has been carried on very actively, with the result that freights have fallen once more, and if exports were to decline freights would probably have to decline still lower. A material reduction in freights and railway rates would to a certain extent compensate for the effects of the silver legislation in the United States. At the same time there would be a direct encouragement given to all the gold-using countries to increase their production of wheat; and it might therefore happen that, although there was a considerable falling off in the exports from America and India, there need not be a very great rise in the price of wheat to enable Western Europe to get all the supplies it requires. Still it seems inevitable that there must be some rise, and this rise would unquestionably benefit wheat-growers all over Western Europe, and tend, therefore, to bring to an end the long agricultural depression. This is on the assumption that the rise in silver continued long enough to enable Russia and the gold-using countries largely to increase their production of wheat. But the probability is that the rise would not continue so long. If exports from the United States are checked, and imports increased, the United States will become largely indebted to Europe. For a while that debt will be set off by the large purchases of American railroad securities on European account. But as soon as the speculation in American railroad securities comes to an end, and European holders begin once more to sell those securities on a large scale to American capitalists, the debt due from America to Europe will increase rapidly. Then gold exports will have to be made on a large scale. This will rouse fears that gold will be driven out of the country altogether. And, as soon as those fears spring up, the money market will become disturbed. Then the American people will have to make up their minds either to adopt silver as the single standard of value in the United States, or to stop the purchases of silver, or in some other way to put an end to the inflation of the currency.

THE TWO THOUSAND.

THIS year the Two Thousand has had its usual advantage over all other great three-year-old races in being the first of the season. A year ago, the far more valuable Prince of Wales's Stakes at Leicester preceded it, with the result of destroying much of its interest and, worse still, playing fearful havoc upon the pockets of backers. It will be long before many of the latter forget the first year in which the Two Thousand was "discounted" by a previous race. Bitterly do they remember how Donovan won the first event with ease; how, with languid interest but a sure and certain faith, they laid 4½ to 1 upon him for the Two Thousand, which "he could not possibly lose"; how they scarcely cared even to look at a race which was such a foregone conclusion, and how Enthusiast, who had been unplaced to Donovan in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and now started at 25 to 1—but let us draw a veil over the tragedy that followed!

Enough of the past. This year the Two Thousand was very far from being a foregone conclusion, and there was considerable divergence of opinion as to the merits of several of the competitors. Mr. A. W. Merry's Surefoot was a steady favourite, as he had every right to be on his public form, the only stain upon which was his defeat by Semolina—that winner of a dozen races and 9,285*l.* in stakes—at Ascot in the Biennial. In that race he was beaten by a head. The best of his other form, which consisted of three victories, had been his victory over Heaume by a length for the New Stakes two days after his defeat by Semolina; and this was no mean performance, for Heaume had won all his other races except the Portland Stakes at Leicester, when he was beaten by a neck by Riviera, whom he himself had beaten by a length six days earlier. Then the very day before the Two Thousand, Heaume had beaten a large field of moderate horses, as if they had been common hacks. When Surefoot appeared last spring as the Wisdom colt, he was said to be one of the best-looking two-year-olds that had been seen on a race-course for many years, and the only doubt expressed about him was as to whether his bone below the knee and his hocks were strong enough to support his massive frame. This spring he was found to have borne his preparation as if his legs had been made of iron, to have laid on an immense amount of hard muscle, and to have grown into a fine, commanding-looking three-year-old. Nevertheless, he did not please everybody; and, while some of the horse-watchers described him as deep of girth, with remarkably well-hooped back ribs, and on short legs, others (most inaccurately) called him a short horse on high legs, with a light middle. On the very morning of the Two Thousand, it was said that he carried too much flesh, and that he galloped too "high." Being by Wisdom out of a Galopin mare, grandam by Orlando out of a Birdcatcher mare, he is a very inbred colt to Birdcatcher and Voltaire. Although, on public form, he held Heaume tolerably safe, it is probable that that colt would have been started for the Two Thousand if his owner had not had another representative in Le Nord, who had a host of admirers. It was

true that Le Nord had been beaten three lengths by Signerina for the Middle Park Plate, and a head by Riviera for the Champagne Stakes; but he was one of those big colts that rarely show to their best advantage during their two-year-old careers, and he had won three smart victories. He was exactly the opposite of Surefoot in showing great development of bone below the knees and hocks, and this golden chestnut colt was generally considered the best-looking two-year-old of last season, although it was admitted that his frame was at that period in great need of muscular development. The latter want had now been supplied, and he had made all the improvement that could have been hoped for during the winter. Tristan, Le Nord's sire, had been a very popular horse, and his expatriation to France had been much regretted. That his stock would turn out well had been confidently expected, and when Le Nord appeared last season these anticipations were more than confirmed. Both of his grandsires were descendants of Touchstone, and his breeding throughout is excellent. Some of his partisans maintained, too, that his great "reach" was more suited to the straight, flat Two Thousand course than to that of the Derby. Others thought that his high-set quarters and immense power of loin would tell more in his favour in climbing a hill, although they said that these abilities should be of great service on the short ascent from the Abingdon Bottom.

Another colt which was considered likely to do better over the Rowley Mile than the Epsom hills was Mr. Houldsworth's great, slashing, and somewhat overgrown bay colt Alloway. He had bone enough, length enough, and height enough to please the most exacting; but critical people thought him poor behind the saddle, and on Wednesday morning it was the general opinion that he had not improved so much as had been expected. As a two-year-old he was so unfurnished that it was fair to make excuses for his failures, and good placings were all that he could boast of. About the 10th of April another of the overgrown division, the Duke of Portland's St. Serf, stood at 5 to 1 for the Two Thousand. He had only run once, and then unsuccessfully, as a two-year-old; but a mania in his favour set in this spring. His was said to be another frame unsuited to the "Epsom gradients," although it was thought that his beautiful sloping shoulders would enable him to fly at a terrific speed across The Flat at Newmarket. Just as he seemed to be about to rival Surefoot himself in the betting, there was a report that he had been beaten in a trial, and then everybody said that he was a leggy colt with shabby quarters. Although Mr. Low's bay colt, Right Away, had shown some good two-year-old form, he had been decisively beaten by Le Nord, Rathbeal, and Loup. Yet he was considered to have a 10 to 1 chance for the Two Thousand until the week before the race, when he was found to be lame from a bruised foot. This was unfortunate, as he was one of the few candidates for the Two Thousand that had run in public this season, and on that occasion—the day of the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase—he beat Heresy in a canter by four lengths for a 700*l.* stake. The Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, a colt that had been but moderately successful as a two-year-old, was often backed for the Two Thousand during the spring. In the opinion of some good judges, this rich bay colt, with black points, by Cereuleus out of Angelica (an own sister to St. Simon), was one of the best-looking among the two-year-olds of last season. His strong but oblique shoulders and his well-developed quarters especially came in for admiration. There were good judges who thought that he was not seen at his best last year, and that his two-year-old form, which had been far from first-rate, was not to be regarded as a true test of his powers. He has that combination of bone and muscular development with quality which is as desirable as it is rare, and his mixture of Beadsman and Galopin blood, with the fashionable Birdcatcher on Touchstone strain, through his paternal grandam, and King Tom's, through his maternal grandam, gave him an irreproachable pedigree. Mr. E. W. Baird's Golden Gate, a bay colt by Bend Or, that had cost 950 guineas as a yearling, had finished only a head behind Le Nord for the Middle Park Plate; but as Le Nord was beaten by three lengths, it is improbable that he was going at full pressure on passing the judge's box. For the Kempton Great Breeders' Produce Stakes of 6,174*l.* at Kempton, again, Golden Gate, with a field of eighteen behind him, had finished third, two lengths from the winner, Dearest, to whom he was giving weight, and a length and a half from Riviera, who ran second. It was, therefore, far from impossible that he might have had a fair outside chance, if he had made greater improvement during the winter than his opponents; but when he was stripped for the race, it was obvious that this was not the case. Last autumn some interest was taken in Kirkham and Narellan, who had been sent over from Australia to win our great three-year-old races. It was said, however, that, like many other foreigners, when they came to be tested on English trial grounds, they were found to be wanting in pace, and neither of them went to the post for the Two Thousand. Several expensive colts, whose names appeared in the entries, also failed to put in an appearance, among these being the 2,800-guinea Martagon, the 2,250-guinea Merry Monk, and the 2,600-guinea Heckberry; and it may be worth noticing that nearly every horse that ran in the race had been bred by his owner.

The absence of Surefoot from the Bird-Cage before the race was not only a great disappointment to the public, but also a hint that he was of a somewhat excitable disposition; a hint which was confirmed by his behaviour when he had entered the

Bird-Cage after the race. There was a slight delay at the starting post, but when the flag fell the nine competitors got away almost in a line. Mr. A. W. Merry's colours were seen coming to the front immediately after the horses had got into their strides, the next being those of the Duke of Portland on the right. Surefoot and St. Serf came steadily on, with Le Nord, Alloway, and Golden Gate not far behind them. Before they had run a quarter of a mile some of the field were already "tailed off," and on reaching the Bushes Hill two of the leading division, St. Serf and Alloway, showed unmistakable symptoms of fatigue. Surefoot led the way down the hill, followed by Le Nord, and at this point Golden Gate and Blue Green, who came next, were outpaced. Liddiard and F. Barrett, the riders of Surefoot and Le Nord, sat still until they were in the Abingdon Bottom, and there Barrett called upon Le Nord to make an effort to overhaul Surefoot. The gallant chestnut responded very gamely, and struggled hard up the final ascent, but to no purpose, as Surefoot held his own and won by a length and a half. Blue Green ran third, five lengths behind Le Nord, and a neck in front of St. Serf. Among the unplaced horses, Golden Gate ran well as far as the Abingdon Bottom, and perhaps the most disappointing performance in the race was that of Alloway. It has been often stated in the newspapers that a bet of 10,000*l.* to 100*l.* against Surefoot for the Derby was taken some time ago; fine indeed, therefore, was the opportunity of hedging, when 7 to 4 was laid on him on Wednesday evening. There can be no doubt that in the Two Thousand Le Nord was fairly beaten, but there is every reason to expect that that handsome colt will yet turn out a grand representative of Tristan, whose sire, Hermit, died, full of honours, on the day preceding the race. At the same time the result of the Two Thousand would seem to show that Le Nord's backers would have done wisely in regarding his public trial with Signorina in the Middle Park Plate as evidence that, although a very smart colt, there was nothing phenomenal about his merits.

Very few of the horses that had been backed during the winter and spring for the Derby were unentered for the Two Thousand. Of such as there were, the most noteworthy was Riviera, until Sainfoin won the Esher Stakes at Sandown on Friday last, and was backed immediately after the race at 6 to 1 for the Derby. Another Derby colt, the good-looking Rathbeal, was also unentered for the Two Thousand; but beyond these, nearly all the horses in the Derby betting were entered for the great race of Wednesday last; so that the Two Thousand was more than usually a public trial for the Derby. The differences in the characters of the two races are, however, well known to racing men, and although a Two Thousand may throw a flood of light upon the probabilities of a Derby, as seems to be especially the case in this particular instance, it is dangerous to regard it as an infallible guide to the result.

MR. GLADSTONE ON HEBREW POETRY.

IN Mr. Gladstone's article in *Good Words* for May we find this remarkable statement:—"The Hebrews do not appear to have cultivated or developed any poetical faculty at all, except that which was exhibited in strictly religious work, such as the devotions of the Psalms, and (principally) the discourses and addresses of the prophets." We would speak with Mr. Gladstone in this matter as he professes to desire to be spoken with, that is to say, neither as a Hebraist nor as a minute historical critic, but as a plain reader of the English Bible. We suppose that Mr. Gladstone has read as far as the fourth chapter in the Book of Genesis. Has he never read the strange fragment, evidently poetical, preserved at the end of that chapter as that which "Lamech said unto his wives"? Or does he think it comes under the head of "strictly religious work"? A plain man would say that the total absence of any religious character is the one plain thing about this fragment. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone may say that it is too much before the beginnings of any distinctly Hebrew history to be called Hebrew at all. Then let us pass on. The blessing of Jacob to his sons is certainly Hebrew, and we believe the English Revisers merely followed the long accepted opinion among Hebraists in treating it as poetical. If Mr. Gladstone considers it a "strictly religious work," his conception of devotional poetry must be a good deal wider than most people's.

The Song of Moses and Miriam in the Book of Exodus is so far religious that the triumph of Israel over Pharaoh is ascribed to Jehovah, but not further or otherwise. "Strictly religious," in any natural sense, it is not. Yet it seems to show some poetical faculty. The Song of Moses in Deuteronomy may be covered by Mr. Gladstone's somewhat large exception of "discourses and addresses of the prophets." But what has Mr. Gladstone to say of the Song of Deborah? The contents of the Book of Judges have all the appearance of great antiquity, and this would seem to be one of the most ancient poems generally known to the modern world, as it is also one of the most vigorous, and, in any intelligible modern sense, one of those least appropriately described as a "strictly religious work." What religion there is in it is exceedingly different from the religion of the prophets and psalmists. But perhaps Mr. Gladstone will say that the *Odyssey* is a "strictly religious work" because Odysseus praises

Athene from time to time for his various triumphs and deliverances. Even if we granted this, Homeric religion declared it an unhallowed thing—*οὐχ ἁγιον*—to boast over slain enemies, the very thing which is the motive of the Song of Deborah. And what, above all, of David's lamentation wherewith he lamented over Saul and over Jonathan his son? There is not a single religious phrase in it, and it stands unsurpassed among the elegiac poems of the world. What, again, of the Song of Songs, which is so little a "strictly religious work" that it narrowly escaped exclusion from the Canon?

Now we shall not make any such absurd and impertinent suggestion as that Mr. Gladstone does not know the Old Testament in the English version. We have no manner of doubt that he knew it well before most of his readers were born. What, then, is to be concluded? Why, this: that Mr. Gladstone can be so carried away by the real or fancied requirements of the thesis which he happens to be maintaining as to print in cold blood a statement manifestly inconsistent with facts (for the existence and the non-religious character of these poems are manifest facts, whatever their date and authorship may really be) which he has known all his life. And, if Mr. Gladstone is so carried away in literature, how can he escape being carried away in the far greater stress and peril of political controversy? As Mr. Gladstone's lifelong study of the English Bible to his denial that the Hebrews had any poetical faculty, save when they were writing psalms or prophesying, so is, perhaps, his four or five years' study of Irish history—but we are not willing to say more. When we see to what strange ends Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary gifts are turned, we must fall back on the words uttered among the people who, according to Mr. Gladstone, had no poetical faculty on secular occasions:—

How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished!

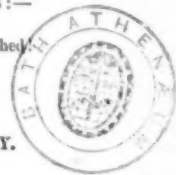
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(First Notice.)

THE first general impression of the one hundred and twenty-second exhibition of the Royal Academy is that it is up to the average of late years. The show is a representative one, and in this respect we think that the Council of the Royal Academy deserves recognition. The criticisms which have been so freely offered to it have not been without their good effect. It cannot be now said that the Hanging Committee, however unfair it may seem to be to individuals, is unjust to any class of painters, however distinct their spirit may be from the academic tradition. The body which gives to Nos. 109, 360, 421, and 465 prominent places on the line may have many faults, but it is no longer insensible to originality and the audacity of genius.

Of actual absentees among the leading Academicians there are less than usual this year. Mr. Burne Jones sends nothing. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, among the painters, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, among the sculptors, will be looked for in vain. Mr. Armitage, Mr. Dobson, and Mr. Yeames will be more philosophically allowed the holiday which they have given themselves. These are the only names not represented, but Mr. Gregory sends only two water-colour drawings, Mr. Riviere and Mr. Stone one small painting each, and on the whole the Academicians have shown a very commendable reticence in taking up the space which it is within their rights to occupy. The average of their contributions is only between two and three, whereas several outsiders have been allowed place on the walls for the maximum number of eight works. There is a marked diminution this year of the very bad old Academic pictures which used to give so distressing an aspect to the rooms. We are bound to add that one or two Associates are rapidly rising or sinking to the point where they will have the right to succeed to the questionable honours of their seniors.

It seems to us that in dealing with so huge a mass of works of art as the Royal Academy contains—they are 2,119 in all, this year—it will be best on this first occasion to take a superficial survey of the rooms, rapidly indicating in each gallery those pictures which the visitor will chiefly wish to notice, so as to give him the means of forming a general estimate of the exhibition before we examine it in critical detail. There is, as we have often had occasion to observe, a natural tendency to give Gallery I. a disproportionate share of the good things of the year. This has been done in 1890 almost to excess, and the visitor must not believe that the entire show is able to "live up" to this first instalment. The place of honour on the left-hand side is given to Sir J. E. Millais's large poetic landscape, "The Moon is up, and yet it is not night" (25), a quotation which the catalogue, not having its *Golden Treasury* at hand, rashly attributes to Byron. Opposite this admirable canvas hangs a rather ordinary Hook. Immediately on the left-hand, on entering the room, is Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture, "The Loving-Cup" (4). Round the corner is a very attractive specimen of Mr. Robert Macbeth's rustic art, "The Cast Shoe" (19), much finer in execution than anything this painter has lately produced. On the other side of the Millais are "La pia de Tolomei" (26), a dignified matronly figure, by Mr. Long, and a very pretty "Love Locked Out" (32), beating himself against the golden door, by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt. Among many excellent things at the end of the room, we must only pause to indicate Mr. David Murray's large landscape, called "The



White Mill" (43). On the other wall of the gallery particular attention will be given to Mr. Oulless's fine portrait of "Mr. Holden" (74), to Mr. Brangwyn's "All hands shorten sail" (76) hung over the Hook in the centre, and a very odd picture of the bottom of the sea, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, called "Davy Jones's Locker" (81). We predict that this will be one of the most popular works of the year; it lends itself immediately to political caricature.

In the second gallery Mr. Herkomer's enormous "Our Village" (143), which occupies the centre of the western wall, is by far the most striking object to the eye. But round the left-hand corner the visitor must not miss Mr. Edwin Abbey's "A May-Day Morning" (109), which possesses the interest of being the first oil-painting that this eminent designer in black and white has yet exhibited. On the northern wall is Mr. Gow's sober, careful, and admirably thorough "After Waterloo" (123), one of the soundest, though not the most attractive pictures of the year; and an uncommonly clever landscape "Off St. Ives" (137), by Mr. Adrian Stokes. Still more original, perhaps, is a study of sky and sea called "Cloud Chariots" (156), by an artist new to us, Mr. W. Audley Mackworth. Here are also Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait of "Mr. Waterlow," the new A.R.A. (160), and Sir Frederick Leighton's rather cold and uninteresting figure called "Solitude" (166).

Gallery III. is commonly devoted to the great pictures of the year, and is rather empty on this occasion of works which take the eye in a rapid survey. On entering the room, the first picture on the left hand is Sir John Gilbert's truculent and vigorous "Onward" (186), a bay-crowned knight on a rearing charger. Mr. Peter Graham's "Departing Day" (190) is in his usual Highland style, too large, and rather gaudy and sloppy. Mr. Watts sends a delicate little figure of a child (196). The place of honour in this room, and therefore in the entire Academy, is given to Mr. Frank Dicksee's "The Redemption of Tannhäuser" (203), a picture which seems to us interesting, dignified and poetical, but a little inferior in force to previous work of Mr. Dicksee. Mr. Ernest Crofts has really taken to heart all the rude things which the critics have said to him, and has painted a very respectable costume-picture in his "Whitehall" (216). Immediately on the right-hand side of the further door hangs Mr. Riviere's touching "Rus in Urbe" (224), the wild shepherd boy and collie bewildered by the bustle of London. Mr. Orchardson is in his usual place, but represented by a group of "Portraits" (235), which will make his admirers sigh and shake their heads. The centre of the north wall is occupied by Sir Frederick Leighton's "The Bath of Psyche" (243), an exceedingly beautiful example of his mannered style. A series of sea-pictures (248, 249, 257) are all valuable in their kind. So are Mr. Leslie's graceful girl in "The Terrace" (258), and Mr. Burgess's Spanish "Sculptor" (270). On the southern wall Sir F. Leighton's "Tragic Poetess" (310), a large florid portrait of a lady by Mr. Fildes (303), a little Alma Tadema, "The Frigidarium" (324), and Mr. Marcus Stone's tall "Garden Flowers" (328) are the principal attractions. Near the door hang two diploma pictures by Mr. Burgess and Mr. Orchardson, neither of them worthy of the prestige of the painter. How comes it, we wonder, that Mr. Orchardson, who has been a full member since 1877, has never been called upon for a diploma-work before?

In the Fourth Gallery several disappointments await the visitor. In the first place, let it be confessed, without waste of words, that Sir J. E. Millais's "Mr. Gladstone" (361) is a failure. Mr. Vicat Cole's "Thames at Greenwich" (390), which holds the place of honour, is not much better; and when Mr. Goodall painted "The Thames from Windsor Castle" (366) it was a curious notion which made him omit the railway-bridge. Neither Mr. Fildes, Mr. Orchardson, nor Mr. Herkomer is at his best in the portraits in this room. Mr. Watts's old white horse (437) is comic, almost ridiculous, and rather naively pathetic. In the Fifth Gallery Mr. Swan's "The Piping Fisher-Boy" (465) is a little masterpiece, and Mr. Albert Moore's "Summer Night" (487) startling, if not precisely beautiful. A very good "Oliver Twist" (507), by Mr. Sant, who is excellent this year, holds the place of honour.

The attractions of the Sixth Gallery would be small if it were not for Mr. John Collier's "The Death of Cleopatra" (551), a large work of very striking merit, marking a distinct advance in force. Mr. Swan's "Lioness" (614) is too black. There are here some engaging sea-pieces by Mr. Aumonier and Mr. Henry Moore. The Seventh Gallery has a singular Sargent, "Mrs. K." (652), a lady standing bolt upright, shaking the lapels of her dress, in a very green garden. The places of honour are given on either side to a garish Leader and a pale MacWhirter—but there are better examples than these; excellent landscapes by the Earl of Carlisle and Mr. J. Buxton Knight; fine portraits of "Colonel Sanderson" (689), by Mr. Long, and "Mr. Cuthbert Quilter" (716), by Mr. Herkomer; and a very striking composition called "Euchre" (709), of sailors playing cards at sea, by Mr. Tuke, which is hung rather too high, over Mr. MacWhirter's landscape. Another Newlyn painter, Mr. Chevalier Taylor, has the place of honour in Room VIII. for his excellent "The Last Blessing" (758). Mr. George Hitchcock's "Tulip Culture" (750) is almost extravagantly original, but extremely striking. There are good landscapes here by Mr. R. Noble and Mr. H. B. W. Davis. Mr. John R. Reid's "Young Squire" (804) is hung rather high, but must not be overlooked.

Gallery No. IX. is given up to small oil-pictures, with Mr. Poynter's "On the Temple Steps" in the place of honour. We

pass on to the Tenth Gallery, where Lady Butler's theatrical "Evicted" (993) shows a little, but not very much, of her old skill. "Vae Victis" (1005) is a huge Moorish canvas by Mr. Arthur Hacker, of the kind they manage better, if more bloodily, in Paris. Mr. Solomon is by no means up to his usual level in his large "Hippolyta" (1063); but Mr. Logsdail's realistic, enormous, brilliantly clever, and astoundingly hideous "Lord Mayor's Show" (1028) will enjoy an immense popularity. In the Eleventh Gallery Mr. Tuke has painted a "Perseus and Andromeda" (1076), of which we shall have much to say, so provocatively good and bad is it. The western wall is remarkable for three splendid landscapes by three rival candidates for the honours of associate-ship—Mr. David Murray, Mr. Yeend King, and Mr. Alfred East—each admirable, and each wholly unlike the others in style. On the opposite side of the room hangs "By Order of the Court" (1146), an excellent piece of narrative work by the leader of the Newlyn School, Mr. Stanhope Forbes; this is one of the three or four best pictures of the year. We must say nothing to-day about the water-colour drawings, except that they are of unusual merit and importance.

The sculptors make a good show. Mr. Onslow Ford takes the honours of the year with his "Gordon" (1958), on a life-sized camel. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends his diploma-work, a beautiful marble panel called "The Mirror" (2057), and some bronze portraits in low relief. Mr. Bates, Mr. Goscombe John, Mr. Armstead, and Mr. Pomeroy, are well represented with imaginative work, while a vigorous statue of "The Young Sophocles" (2119) will draw attention to the name of a new sculptor, Mr. Donoghue. Some interesting busts by Mr. Woolner, Sir Edgar Boehm, and Mr. Brock, are all that we can indicate at present.

COWEN'S THORGRIM.

THE only novelty promised for the short season of English Opera at Drury Lane was produced last Tuesday week before a crowded and representative audience. According to report, the subject of *Thorgrim*—which is taken from an incident in Messrs. Magnusson and Morris's *Three Northern Love Stories*—was approved of by Mr. Carl Rosa before his untimely death last year. If this be the case, the production of Mr. Cowen's opera may, perhaps, be considered as a pious fulfilment of the lamented impresario's wishes, though it is difficult to believe that he would have approved of the work in the shape which it has ultimately assumed. With every wish to encourage the acclimatization of a form of art which has not yet succeeded in taking root in this country, it is impossible to do otherwise than regret that the management of the Carl Rosa Opera Company should have relied upon so unequal a work at a time when it was, above all, necessary to score an unmistakable success. The choice of Mr. Cowen's opera at the present moment shows a grave error of judgment; for the composer has not hitherto shown any signs of dramatic power, and without this even the most inexperienced amateur ought to have recognized that it was hopeless that such an uninteresting story as that of "Thorgrim" would prove acceptable. Mr. Bennett, who is answerable for the book, is well known as a critic of strong opinions and much literary skill. As the author of the libretti of various cantatas he has shown that he has the power of writing lyrical verses of far greater merit than are usually to be found in such productions. But this is not the only quality necessary nowadays for the preparation of a successful opera-book. The ever-increasing acceptance of Wagner's principle that a music-drama should be a combination of action, music, poetry, and painting, has rendered it impossible for a work to succeed in which one element predominates over the others. It is not necessary for either musician or librettist to accept all Wagner's conclusions while recognizing the truth of this one principle, which, after all has been said, is more the outcome of the most recent development of the opera form than the especial invention of the Bayreuth master. Even a single hearing of *Thorgrim* reveals how far in this respect it falls short of being a completely successful work. The story is dull, the characters shadowy and absolutely destitute of human interest, and the action continually halts. Good as Mr. Bennett's verse is, picturesque as are scenery and costumes, and melodious and well written as is much of Mr. Cowen's music, the whole work is unsatisfactory, simply because the constituent parts are so uneven that the merits of one of them cannot atone for the deficiencies of the rest. Mr. Bennett has committed the error of treating a subject lyrically which, if it was to be treated at all, should have been dealt with in a strongly dramatic spirit. Possibly his reason for doing this was that he knew that Mr. Cowen's talent was rather lyrical than dramatic; but the rejoinder, "Then, why select such a subject?" is obvious and unanswerable. The story is of the simplest. Eric, a Jarl in Rogaland, has two sons, Helgi and Thorgrim. The latter is illegitimate, and the former by his wife Amora. At a feast at which Harald Fair-Hair, King of Norway, is present, the ill-feeling between these two breaks out, and is quelled by the King's taking Thorgrim away as his follower. This ends the first act. The scene of the second act is laid at Harald's Court, where Thorgrim "in his masterful way" (to quote from the printed argument) makes love to Olof Sunbeam, the betrothed of Helgi, and on her father and the King both refusing to interfere with the arrangement by which

she is to marry his half-brother, declares he will no longer serve Harald and departs with threats of vengeance. In Act III., a love-scene between Thorgrim and Olof is interrupted by Helgi and his mother. Thorgrim is about to slay the former but spares his life at the intercession of Olof. In Act IV., in spite of what has occurred, Helgi and Olof are about to be married, when the proceedings are interrupted by Thorgrim and his men, who extinguish the lights so that the lovers escape, and are presently seen on board a ship making sail for the sea, while Helgi is slain in the broil. This is a very slight framework upon which to construct a four-act opera, and Mr. Bennett's manner of treating the story has not atoned for the poverty of incident. At the three entertainments given respectively by Eric, Harald, and Olof's father, Thorir, and which occupy a large portion of three of the acts, the usual songs, dances, and choruses take place. Good though these are musically, they do but little to advance the action of the story. The third act, except for its unimpeachable propriety, recalls strongly the second act of *Tristan und Isolde*, Thorgrim's

If I call—thou wilt hear me?

If I lead—thou wilt follow?

and Olof's rejoinder:—

When's'er she hears thee call,
When's'er thou lead'st at the way,
Olof will abandon all
Thee to follow and obey,

being almost a reproduction of Tristan's

Wohin nun Tristan scheidet,
Willet du, Isold', ihm folgen?

and Isolde's

Wo Tristan's Haus und Heim,
Da kehr' Isold' ein:
Auf dem sie folge tren und hold,
Dem Weg nun zeig' Isold'!

Indeed, it is curious to see how so consistent an opponent of Wagner as Mr. Bennett has always been is forced—probably against his will—to pay to him the flattery of imitation. The want of dramatic power, which is the main defect of the libretto, is equally felt in the music, though here there is certainly an advance upon Mr. Cowen's earlier attempts. Occasionally he attains a considerable measure of success. The antiphonal chorus between the followers of the two brothers in the first act is spirited and well worked up, and Arnora's invocation to Freia in Act III. is unusually strong. But the best number in the work is the ensemble in the second finale, which is not only admirably written, but full of the charming melody which is the composer's strongest point. On the other hand, the declamatory portions of the work, upon which so much depends in opera, are mostly commonplace and ineffective, and show that Mr. Cowen has still much to learn in this respect. In its present shape *Thorgrim* is unlikely to live, but the work contains so much music which can be listened to with pleasure that it might be worth considering whether it could not be shortened to advantage and performed as a cantata, in which form its main defects, so fatal to its success as an opera, would not be felt. As to the performance, Mr. Barton McGuckin is not very interesting either as an actor or a singer, but he did his best as the hero; while Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, Mlle. Tremelli, and Messrs. Crotty, Eugene, and Celli made what they could out of the thankless parts of Olof, Arnora, Helgi, Eric, and Harald.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XII.

WHAT THE REVOLUTION DID FOR FRANCE.

A HUNDRED years separate us from the French Revolution; but even now great confusion of opinion exists as to its origin and results. A minute study of the two centuries which preceded it will, however, we venture to think, convince an unprejudiced mind that it had been steadily preparing at least during that period by the gradual atrophy of the organs of government. But it is not with the origin of the Revolution that we wish to deal at present, but with its consequences. The upper and educated classes during the eighteenth century in France were mostly Revolutionists in theory—that is to say, an immense intellectual revolution had taken place which was not permitted in any way to alter the manners and customs of the period, so that in 1789, when the Revolutionary principle began to triumph, it found a people to work upon revolutionary in idea and retrograde in habit, and holding tenaciously to their social prejudices, manners, and customs. Religion was recognized, not as a truth, but as a pageant, and it was said—by no less an authority than Mirabeau—*que la loi n'était qu'un caprice*. A change was absolutely necessary; out if any glory attaches to the French Revolution it dates from the 1st January, 1789, to the close of the year. All the good that was done was accomplished within those twelve months. Afterwards, until the first year of the century, we have only a tissue of blunders, destruction, bloodshed, horror, and tyranny. It is an extraordinary fact that the Monarchical and Conservative party during the last years of Louis XVI.'s reign, although it possessed men of fair

ability, had not a single man of exceptional talent, let alone genius, at its service, if we except Mirabeau, and he died eighteen months too soon to be of real service to any cause. Even the Church had no stronger advocate than the illogical and bigoted Abbé Maury, and was disgraced by men like Talleyrand and Gobel. This scarcity of capable men explains the fact that the Monarchical party—the strongest financially and numerically—was like a ship without a captain or officers. The well-intentioned King, when he saw himself obliged to leave Versailles and take up his residence at the Tuileries, had neither the sense nor the courage to accept the situation and proceed thither like a conqueror in the greatest possible state, but permitted himself and his family to be dragged along the high road to his capital by the scum of its population.

Never in the history of the world has so small a minority been able so completely to paralyse an overwhelming majority as did the band of ruffians who seized upon the reins of government, and for three years deluged themselves and their country in blood. The massacres of September were perpetrated by a few hundred men, and a population of 600,000 souls, stupefied by the audacity of these wretches, stood by quietly wondering, whilst several thousand innocent victims were butchered. We perceive the same phenomenon at the execution of the King. He went to meet his doom amid a prodigious but silent and mournful crowd. At least nine-tenths of these people, had they been appealed to, would have taken arms in his defence, and saved him even at the foot of the scaffold. But the voice to address them was silent. When, a little later, the Queen proceeded from the Conciergerie to what is now called the Place de la Concorde, the sad and respectful attitude of the multitude assembled to witness her humiliation showed that the mass of the Parisians was not with her executioners. But we could point out a thousand instances which tend to prove that the heart of France never belonged to Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville, Camille Desmoulins, and Company. A sort of stupor had come over the people. They could scarcely believe it possible that the outrages which were being perpetrated in the name of liberty proceeded from a compact but really small corps of fanatics. It has been said over and over again that the French Revolution can never be repeated in any other country. Here we beg to differ. It was not peculiar to France, but may happen in any country whose inhabitants are not on the alert to resist deceivers who attempt to cover their iniquities under the banner of freedom, and who on every possible occasion scream out big-sounding words to catch the popular ear. Another mistake made even by close students of the French Revolution is to imagine that during the three years of the Reign of Terror deeds of violence were continually taking place. This, as we have previously observed, is a great mistake. There were weeks and even months when nothing particular happened, excepting during the last year, 1793-94, when there was a continual succession of public executions to which the masses soon got accustomed. The massacres took place, and some thousand persons were butchered, yet the more retired quarters of Paris were not aware of what had happened for forty-eight hours afterwards. News travelled slowly in those days; and perhaps the most curious revelation of all is that, in order to get up corresponding massacres in other great cities of France, it was absolutely necessary for the triumvirate in Paris to send hired bands of assassins to Lyons and Orleans and other provincial towns. Undoubtedly had a man of the temperament of Napoleon I. been on the throne instead of Louis XVI., the Revolution would not have endured a day. Unhappily it lasted long enough to do irretrievable mischief not only to France but also to the rest of Europe. In three years France lost 2,890 churches, among which not less than 260 abbeys were worthy of being considered national monuments. Of these perhaps the most splendid was the glorious basilica of St. Martin's at Tours, the fourth largest Gothic church in the world, of which to-day we have only the foundations and a tower left. Even in the cathedrals and churches which were spared the images and statues were broken, the shrines violated, and at St. Denis, as we have seen, the bones of the kings and queens of France were thrown pell-mell into a pit of quicklime. Priceless stained-glass windows were shattered, beautiful shrines of gold and silver melted, and the silenced bells, torn from their lace-like towers, were sent to the foundries. The marvellous Mobilier, or furniture of France, estimated by Richer-Serisy, in his statistical account of the furniture belonging to the nobility and bourgeoisie in 1788, as being worth 1,400,000,000 francs, was wantonly destroyed, or, at the best, sold for a song to the bric-à-brac dealers who, even at the risk of their lives, flocked into France at this period, principally from England and Germany, ready to pounce upon any treasure they could secure for a few francs. The works of art accumulated by the nobility—such, for instance, as the unique collection of antique prints and drawings by the old masters of the Abbé de Capmartin de Chapuy; the superb collection of ancient medals of the Duc de Chaulnes; the splendid galleries of pictures, statues, engravings, and rare porcelain of the Prince de Condé, of the Duc de Chabot, the Comte de Vaudreuil, the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de Montmorency, the Duc de Brissac, the Marshal de Ségur, Mme. Sorin, and a hundred others far too numerous to mention—were simply torn from the walls and cabinets which had preserved them for generations, and flung into the street in heaps, and either burnt or stolen and sold for a few pence by the rabble. The libraries of the

great abbey, too, were brutally destroyed; so, also, were the royal libraries and those of the nobility both in town and country; and then we have the Garde-Meuble, which contained the treasures of the Royal House of France and the finest specimens of tapestry known to the world at that period. This was sacked, and even the celebrated collection of pearls—perhaps the finest which has ever existed—was not only dispersed, but its priceless gems crushed under the sabots of the mob. At Verdun brutes burned in the middle of the Market Place three Rembrandts, four Vandycks, a Raphael, and about 200 other pictures by the Old Masters, whilst a band of female furies hopped round the flames, hand in hand, shrieking *Ça ira! ça ira!* The great library of the Benedictines of Cluny was sold in the Place de la Sorbonne for 1,450 francs, the illuminated missals being paid for at the rate of 6 sous a pound. The Cordeliers of Paris possessed an exceedingly rare collection of medical works dating from the sixth century. These were hacked to pieces and sold in fragments for 1,162 francs. There were 42,000 volumes. But vandalism was rampant all over the country. At the Château d'Anet the mob broke into a thousand pieces an exquisite statue of a stag by Jean Goujon, simply because they thought it was the emblem of the old hunting rights. The missals of the Royal Chapel at Versailles were thrown out of the windows to the people, who tore the beautifully illuminated leaves out and stuck them on the points of their weapons. In less than eighteen months six hundred magnificent country houses—some of them of almost regal dimensions—were either razed to the ground or burned, with all their contents, documents of inestimable value to political and domestic history, pictures which generations had collected, furniture which had employed the greatest artists of the Renaissance and seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to design and execute. In a word, all that was beautiful seems to have been converted or perverted into an object of hatred. Art, the masses were told, represented the past—that past which, with all its faults, possessed many virtues, but which they were assured was the incarnation of a slavery from which violence, destruction, and bloodshed alone could deliver them. It has taken France a hundred years to recover partially what she lost in a few months under a revolution which there are not wanting educated men to-day to glorify.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

WE have received from the Maison Quantin, in Paris, a magnificent portfolio, forming the first volume of *La Collection Spitzer (Antiquité: Moyen-âge: Renaissance)*, sold in London by Messrs. Davis, 147 New Bond Street. Those who are familiar with the art-world of Paris are aware that, about forty years ago, M. Frédéric Spitzer, a Jew merchant from Aix-la-Chapelle, who had settled in France, began to form the collection which M. Bonnaffé has well described as consisting of "tout ce que l'Art a produit de plus exquis depuis l'aurore du moyen-âge jusqu'au déclin de la Renaissance." It reached, at length, such vast proportions that the possessor was forced to build for it a series of superb galleries in the Rue de Villejust, a Mecca to which most ardent connoisseurs of curiosities have at one time or another made their pilgrimage. It was the dream of Gambetta to purchase these treasures for France, and to open a sort of lesser Louvre, of which M. Spitzer should be the keeper. But the price, which we believe was twelve million francs, was more than the French Government felt justified in giving. But the catalogue, which has occupied a variety of specialists for several years, is now completed, and will occupy six folio volumes. The first of these, contained in the portfolio before us, deals mainly with antique art, edited and described by M. Froehner; with ivories, under the care of M. Alfred Darcel; with religious goldsmith's work, edited by M. Léon Palustre; and with tapestries, in the charge of M. Eugène Müntz. Some of the special descriptions of the several objects are written by M. Emile Molinier. The plates are very numerous, and are executed with the most lavish expenditure of artistic skill. The series, when complete, will be unrivalled as a fascinating compendium of the art of the later middle age and early Renaissance.

Mr. Nimmo sends us the sixth part of Mr. H. F. Andresen's translation of M. Edouard Garnier's *Soft Porcelain of Sèvres*, a publication to which we lately drew the attention of our readers. The present instalment contains some charming reproductions of circular dishes of an exquisite delicacy of colour from the Goode collection, and the noble so-called "Copenhagen Vase," belonging to Baron Edmond de Rothschild.

From Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. we have received Part III. of a monthly periodical entitled *Sum Artists*, devoted to the interests of photography, and edited by Mr. W. Arthur Board. The present issue deals exclusively with the life and work of Mr. J. B. B. Wellington, of whom we read, in an excessively laudatory memoir, that "few men are more generally recognized among photographers." Mr. Wellington's "photographic birth," we learn, "took place a dozen years ago in the art-plate days." Of the four examples of his work which are given as illustrations, three are landscapes, which appear to us, we are bound to confess, in no way remarkable. His figure-subject, on the other hand, "The Broken Saucer," is exceedingly pretty, the tones very refined, and the attitude of the woman as graceful as

it is original and picturesque. The text says of this plate, "The idea came at that terrible moment when, to most of us, it is so perversely reluctant." We have pondered much over this sentence, which is possibly written in some language known only to photographers; but its meaning has escaped us. Another remarkable statement is that cows—or, in the language of *Sum Artists*, "the kye"—are "a subject for literature and not for art." Over this, also, we have meditated long in vain.

MONEY MATTERS.

ALTHOUGH on the first day of the Stock Exchange settlement—that is, Monday—money appeared to be very abundant and cheap, for Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all they wanted at about 2½ per cent., yet there has been a very good demand throughout the week. The settlement proved to be much larger than had been anticipated. Particularly the dealings in Rupee-paper were larger than for a very long time past. On Wednesday, too, the India Council called in large sums that it had lent to the bill-brokers and discount-houses, and some of the French banks were also calling in money, while considerable amounts in coin and notes went out to the internal circulation. During the week ended Wednesday night, indeed, about 670,000*l.* was withdrawn for the provinces from the Bank of England. There was also a good demand for gold for both France and Germany. The demand was nearly supplied by imports, yet the exports exceeded the imports by about 48,000*l.* The result was that on Wednesday very large amounts were borrowed from the Bank of England at 3½ per cent.—apparently somewhat over a million and a quarter. On Thursday the demand also continued good. Yesterday the payment of the interest on the Egyptian Unified Debt somewhat relieved the market. The Directors of the Bank of England, therefore, very properly decided not to reduce their rate of discount. It is probable, indeed, that the value of money will steadily rise for some weeks to come. The Scotch drain will continue till the middle of the month. Then the demand for the Continent is likely not to fall off; and it is expected that before very long considerable sums in gold must be sent to Buenos Ayres, while the revival of speculation upon the Stock Exchange will increase the demand for loans.

The price of silver, which at the end of last week rose to 48*d.* per ounce, the highest for four or five years, fell on Tuesday to 47*d.*, and on Wednesday declined further to 46½*d.* per ounce. The fall seems to have been caused by the stoppage of American purchases. For a week or two previously Americans had been buying very largely in London. This week they have ceased altogether; and the Indian banks are not purchasing, as they are fully supplied with all the remittances they require by the large sales of bills and telegraphic transfers by the India Council. It would seem that the American Senate is not quite agreed as to the quantity of silver which is to be bought monthly; and, therefore, it is probable that legislation will not be hurried as quickly through as a little while ago was anticipated. A delay, especially if it were caused by differences in the Silver party, might bring on a further decline in price. But, on the other hand, it is certain that there will be a sharp advance if legislation takes place. The India Council has again sold very large amounts of bills and telegraphic transfers this week. During the past two or three weeks the sales have been so unusually large that they have enabled the Indian banks to take out of the Presidency Treasuries so much money that the stringency in India has been greatly relieved. On Thursday the Bank of Bombay reduced its rate of discount from 10 per cent. to 8 per cent., and the Bank of Bengal lowered its rate from 9 per cent. to 7 per cent.

For two or three years there has not been so much activity in the market for American railroad securities as during the present week, although the fortnightly settlement began on Monday and did not end until Wednesday, and although, further, the Stock Exchange itself was closed on Thursday. The movement began last week, it will be recollected, in consequence of the general belief that Congress will pass this Session an Act largely increasing the purchases of silver. There was a very considerable rise; but the dealings until the very end of the week were confined mainly to members of the Stock Exchange and professional operators. This week, however, the market has very greatly broadened, and the general public have undoubtedly been buying. But though the prospect of a Silver Bill was the immediate occasion for the rise, preparations were gradually being made for a considerable time past for an upward movement. Indeed, ever since the war scare in Paris at the beginning of 1887 European holders have been selling American securities by fits and starts. Every now and then an attempt has been made to restore confidence in the market, but it has failed, and the selling has begun again on a larger scale than ever. Since the money stringency began in September the sales grew more serious and for larger amounts, and since Christmas, particularly, the selling on German account has been very large. The result was that a fortnight ago there were scarcely any continuation rates in the American market, showing that practically the speculative account, which is carried over from settlement to settlement, had been liquidated. American stocks had passed from the general public to wealthy

capitalists who were able to pay for them and take them completely off the market. No doubt they are largely held by such capitalists in London, but it is believed that far the largest portion has been bought by American operators, for unquestionably immense quantities for very many months past have been exported to New York at every settlement. Experienced observers foresaw a fortnight ago that in this state of things a rise was inevitable, and it has been set going by the proposed silver legislation. The investing public will do well to bear in mind, however, that there is no real change in the economic condition of the United States. An inflation of the currency will, of course, raise prices of all kinds; but, at the same time, it will tend to discourage American exports, as is pointed out elsewhere, and will, therefore, result in a check to trade, which cannot fail to tell injuriously upon American railroad securities. But for the moment the public is in a speculative mood. Wealthy people hold the stocks, and are not willing to sell except at a considerable advance, and those who have been selling stocks they did not possess are eager to buy back again before the rise becomes ruinous.

The rise in American railroad securities and in silver has naturally caused all silver securities to advance. On Wednesday, it is true, Rupee-paper gave way, but with that exception silver securities generally have been very firm throughout the week. There has also been a recovery in home railway stocks. An inflation of the American currency will increase the cost of production in the United States, and will, therefore, tend to increase the imports of British manufactures. At the same time, the rise in silver if maintained, and still more if it is carried further, will greatly benefit Lancashire cotton manufacturers. They have been suffering for a long time past, because, while raw cotton was dear, they could not raise the prices of manufactured cotton in India. If the price of silver is carried farther, it will be tantamount to a rise in price. Assuming that the inflation in America takes place, and that these results follow, there will be an improvement in British trade; and an improvement in our trade will, of course, benefit the railway Companies. International securities, too, have been firm. It is understood that the French Government will not, after all, assent to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt, except upon conditions to which the British Government will not agree. This has caused a rise in the Preference stock. It is argued that, for another year at all events, the interest will remain at 5 per cent. But, strange to say, it has also caused a rise in the Unified Bonds. They were run up previously because of the hope that the conversion would be carried through. Now that the conversion is again apparently postponed there is a further advance. The truth is that the Stock Exchange and the Continental Bourses, as well as the American markets, are all in a speculative temper just now, and they are putting up prices all round with or without a reason. Even Nitrate and South African shares have improved.

The iron market continues very depressed. The heavy fall in pig-iron, which has been going on since Christmas, has caused some large failures of brokers that were reputed to be very wealthy and to have been doing an exceedingly large business. Shipbuilding orders continue scanty, and freights are very low. With these exceptions, however, there are signs of improvement in trade generally, especially Lancashire has felt the benefit of the rise in silver. That rise has induced the Indian banks to buy such immense amounts of telegraphic transfers that very large sums have been transferred from the Presidency Treasuries in India to the open market, leading to a reduction of the rates of discount, and so stimulating commercial business. Further, the rise in silver, as pointed out above, has been equivalent to a rise in price. The Indian demand, in consequence, has undoubtedly improved. At the moment, however, there is a disposition to wait and watch the course of events in the United States. The home consumption of cotton goods is also very large, and in other branches of trade there is likewise improvement. The wheat market is decidedly firmer.

THE NEW GALLERY.

(First Notice.)

THE New Gallery is the first of the important exhibitions to open its doors to the public, and in this it secures a considerable advantage. Our eyes, so soon to become jaded with miles of art, are still fresh, and the rooms themselves, with their spring-like brightness and elegance, their fountain and their palms, invite the visitor to enjoy himself. The multiplication of great shows, however, is beginning to make its deleterious effect felt on the New Gallery. We cannot pretend to think the third summer exhibition so interesting or so praiseworthy as its predecessors, and that this is the fact is mainly owing to the difficulty of securing what is really of high merit. When the New Gallery congratulated itself on having opened an additional room, we ventured to express our fear that the necessity of covering these new walls would be a snare to the directors. The result has shown that we were right. The amount of gold in the world of art is limited, and to make it spread itself over a larger area it must be beaten thinner and thinner. The present exhibition comprises four hundred and thirty-six examples. If it had been

limited to three hundred, there can be no doubt that the general effect would be greatly improved.

If it had not been for Mr. Watts and Mr. Alma Tadema, who are well represented, the New Gallery would find itself this year deserted by all the leading figure-painters of the day. Sir J. E. Millais signs one canvas, a large landscape. Mr. Herkomer confines himself to portraits. Mr. Burne-Jones sends a delightful series of thirty-six studies, but no picture. The other leaders are either entirely absent or represented only by sketches or slight productions. This circumstance gives a look of poverty to the walls, which is increased by the entire absence of the more experimental schools of English painting. Mr. Whistler and his followers, the whole body of impressionists, and, what is more important, the Newlyn painters, who are so rapidly taking the foremost place in the English art of the day, are conspicuously absent, this whole group, or system of groups, being represented by Mr. La Thangue and Mr. Sargent, neither of whom properly belongs to it. The general aspect of the exhibition is careful and meritorious, without eccentricity. No new talent makes its appearance. Mr. Sargent comes forward for the first time as a landscape-painter, and Miss Alma Tadema abandons water-colour for oil. Mr. La Thangue makes very distinct advance in technical skill. Mr. Shannon more than holds the position he so suddenly achieved as a portrait-painter. Miss Dorothy Tennant shows increased strength of hand. The general tendency of English landscape towards delicacy and variety of tone is maintained. We are really at a loss to discover any other general features which distinguish this from former exhibitions of its class.

Mr. Watts's "Ariadne" (31) is an important and ambitious example of his latest manner. The abandoned lady sits or reclines on a rock by the seashore; she is dressed in flowing white robes, painted with that rather distressing broken touch, as though the substance of them were dry and crumpled crape, which Mr. Watts now affects. A skein of scarlet wool, unravelled, escapes through her fingers, as her pale blue eyes, under copious golden locks, still filleted with the ivy, strain out to sea. A girl at her side leans on the sand. The background of intense brown, and still intenser blue, is painted in obvious rivalry with Titian. This work is fine in sentiment, but the figure of Ariadne is not graceful, and the dry and crumbly manner of painting, as if in distemper, grows upon Mr. Watts. By the same eminent hand is "Little Red Riding Hood" (47), a child, with soft yellow hair and staring light blue eyes, in an orange-pink dress, over which the scarlet hood is tied, standing with an alarmed expression under a hollow tree, her back turned to a landscape of a red ploughed field. This is a little piece which is charming in its simplicity.

Mr. Alma Tadema's three pictures, though small, are finished to the very highest degree. "Eloquent Silence" (51) is a group of two Roman figures seated, side by side, on a marble bench, with a low wall of white marble at their backs. Over this wall a superb Jacmanni clematis, covered with blossoms like great purple butterflies, is seen against the blue Italian sky. A dark-blue vase of glass stands on the wall. Far away in the distance are Mr. Alma Tadema's favourite streak of azure sea and snow-white island. The figures are in suspended action; the man, bending forward, draws with his staff on the marble pavement; the girl sits bolt upright, waiting for what may happen. This is one of Mr. Alma Tadema's most successful little masterpieces, and we prefer it considerably to "In the Rose Garden" (53), where the two figures are girls, a red-haired lady with the head of a very fair damsel in her lap, the profuse rose blowing in multitudes over the dark yellow marble of the wall behind, with its bronze frieze in relief. This is very pretty, but not quite so vigorous as "Eloquent Silence." Between these two cabinet pictures hangs a small full-length portrait of "Miss McWhirter" (52), remarkable for contrasts of colour. She wears poppies in her straw hat, a pink dress, deep indigo skirt, and *suede* gloves; she leans on a pale green settee.

Underneath Mr. Alma Tadema's three pictures hangs a small study of Mr. Poynter, "High Noon" (55), a little girl, who has been bathing, seated on a rock in what appears to be a fantastic Neapolitan sea-scape. This is perhaps the most scholarly piece in the gallery, and has a singular charm of quiet. Mr. W. B. Richmond has contributed a canvas of great size, to which he has appended in the catalogue some lines from Shelley's *Epipsychidion* (72). He has taken the visionary lady in Shelley's poem to be Venus herself, who appears, in a spring landscape, accompanied by doves and a lion and lioness, to the poet, who leans against a tree and gazes upon her countenance. The figure of Venus, though flatly modelled, is graceful; she wears a pale orange robe with a flying saffron-coloured mantle. The floral accessories are less happy, and Mr. Richmond might retouch the picture in some other points with advantage.

The neo-Tuscan school, hatched under the wings of Mr. Burne-Jones, is not by any means prominent at the New Gallery this year. Mr. Strudwick, by dint of careful work and indomitable persistence, has at last achieved very considerable skill in this curiously artificial class of imaginative or allegorical painting. His "Gentle Music of a Bygone Day" (11) is scarcely interesting, but very creditable. The three girls, who are playing upon extraordinary musical instruments, have a certain charm in their delicate meaningless faces; the organ, the architectural details, the pale vista, are harmonious and skilful in execution. Mrs. De Morgan (Miss Evelyn Pickering) has in past years been more happily inspired than in her "Medea" (84), who walks in a

crimson robe through halls inlaid with mosaics of elaborate Renaissance design. Mr. T. M. Rooke is a painter of the same school, over whose decay we can but sigh. Mr. Fairfax Murray, on the other hand, has a rich gift in colour, which he has carefully educated, and he has painted nothing better than his long frieze or *predella* of busts, in gorgeous raiment, with musical instruments, called "The Music Party" (252).

Mr. Robert Macbeth returns to his early skill as a painter in his "The Gipsy's Weary Way" (108), an admirable piece of competent work, rich in colour, and well composed. The features of the handsome gipsy-woman are finely modelled; she bears one child on her shoulder, and leads another with her hand; a dog accompanies her; the white moon shines down the lane upon the group. Mrs. Alma Tadema contributes two of those pretty studies of Dutch life, which she has made her speciality. "Self-invited" (118) is a little seventeenth-century girl, peeping shyly in a doorway; "Battledore and Shuttlecock" (148) is a more important composition of several figures, in pale dresses of a later fashion, in a very lightly-coloured room. This is sound and refined work, carried sufficiently far. "La Sagra" (154) is the title of an important contribution by Mr. Van Haanen, crowded with brilliantly-dressed figures at a Venetian popular festival. Mr. Van Haanen was the first and only inventor of this class of pictures, which so many have imitated, and he continues to treat these folk-studies of Venice better than the cleverest of his successors. We greatly admired Mr. C. N. Kennedy's "Neptune" at the New Gallery last year, and we are, therefore, sorry to be obliged to say that his "Perseus" (161) shows a sad falling off. Andromeda is lying prone upon her rock; and Perseus, who stands at her side, is embracing her, while he holds the Medusa-head out at the monster, whose eye is sunken in death. The composition is not without originality, but the execution is very far from what we have a right to expect from so promising a beginner as Mr. Kennedy. The flesh-tints, in particular, are very ineffective. Miss Dorothy Tennant still cultivates her double proclivity for London street children in open light and for nude figures seen, after the fashion of Henner, in rich chiaroscuro. In the first category she has recorded a distinct success with her "Street Arabs at Play" (170), a row of five ragged children turning somersaults upon a bar, with a characteristic London landscape behind. In the balcony may be found an instance of her other class of subjects, "An Allegory" (386), two Cupids blowing bubbles round a fair, naked woman, who is bound with ropes. We must give great praise to Mr. La Thangue's "Leaving Home" (132); a white horse, violently foreshortened, is coming out of the canvas; it draws a village cart, and is driven by an old man, by whom sits a girl hugging a band-box and burying her face in her handkerchief; her family have just waved her farewell in the pathetic, unemotional country way. This is a great advance in technique on anything of Mr. La Thangue's which we have hitherto seen.

We must hold back the landscapes and the portraits for a later occasion. Nor is this the place to speak in detail about the sculpture, of which we may merely say that it includes a florid figure of "Dancing" (399), by Mr. Onslow Ford, and excellent work in relief by Messrs. Alfred Gilbert, Harry Bates, and T. S. Lee.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE shortcomings of the Second Philharmonic Concert, which it was our unwelcome duty to chronicle in a recent article, were amply atoned for by the excellent programme of the Third Concert, which took place on Thursday, the 24th ult. Not only was the one novelty produced, Dvořák's new Symphony, a work of the first rank, but the playing of M. Sapellnikoff, the young Russian pianist who appeared at these concerts last year, and the performances of the orchestra under Mr. Cowen's conductorship were equally worthy of praise. English art was worthily represented by Mr. German's excellent Overture to Richard III., the merits of which were recognised on its first production at the Globe Theatre last year, and more recently at a Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace. Played to perfection as it was by the Philharmonic Orchestra, the work achieved a signal success, and was greeted with loud and well-deserved applause. An even more enthusiastic welcome was bestowed upon Herr Dvořák, who conducted his Symphony in person, and applause was certainly never better bestowed, for the work shows the Bohemian composer at his best. From beginning to end it is full of genuine inspiration. In Henselt's extremely difficult Concerto, M. Sapellnikoff displayed a command over the keyboard and a power of tone and touch which even in these days of the utmost development of virtuosity were fairly astonishing. Though his style is still rather unsympathetic, he has made great progress since last year, and his playing of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat was really remarkable for its masterly effects of light and shade. In a Nocturne by the same composer he was less satisfactory: the poetry of the composition was sacrificed to the mere technicalities of the music. The concert must not be dismissed without a word of praise for the performance of Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony, upon which Mr. Cowen had evidently bestowed great pains. It is a matter for regret that so fine a performance should have come at the end of a programme which was far too long, both for the audience and the artists;

but, none the less, the marked improvement in both conductor and orchestra deserves recognition.

Among recent orchestral concerts it is gratifying to chronicle the success of the two afternoon performances given by Mr. Henschel under the rather clumsy name of "Young People's Orchestral Concerts." The works performed have been confined, so far as classical music was concerned, to the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, and smaller selections from Bach, Gluck, Mendelssohn, Weber, and Monsigny; while more modern music has been represented by Rossini's *William Tell* Overture, and short compositions by Reinecke, Volkmann, Gounod, and Rubinstein. At both concerts the performances were everything that could be desired, and Mrs. Henschel's charming singing, to her husband's accompaniment, of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Henschel, added additional interest to two of the most enjoyable orchestral concerts which have been given for some time past. Although the selection of the programmes has been made with a view to providing music easy to be understood by "young people" of all ages, it seems almost a pity that the Analytical Programmes should have been written in a style so very suggestive of Mrs. Markham or the immortal Mr. Barlow, especially as many of the statements advanced upon the author's *ipse dixit* are more than questionable. To say that "Beethoven invented the Scherzo" is as inaccurate as the statement that the modern waltz is derived from the old Allemande, or that the waltz in Weber's Rondo, "L'Invitation à la Danse" "determined the modern form," or that Salzburg is "a pretty town now belonging to the Austrian Tyrol." Nor would the "young people," to whom Mr. Bennett's didactic remarks are addressed, be likely, as he seems to suppose, to have come across Jomelli's Chaconne in "Collections of old harpsichord music," nor to be acquainted with Chapman's play of *Alphonso, Emperor of Germany*, or with the works of Thomas Moore, sufficiently, at all events, to understand that the number of Rubinstein's ballet music from *Feramosa*, which was translated in the programme, with curious infelicity, "Candle dance of the brides of Cashmere," refers to the poet's *Lalla Rookh*. But these are but small defects, and the "young people" who attend Mr. Henschel's concerts can well afford to neglect the programmes and listen to and be thankful for the music.

At the last concert given by the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society, on the 25th ult., a delightful "Aubade" for wind and strings, by M. Lalo, was played. Its two movements are all too short, and though no attempt is made by the composer to conform to the classical structure in either section, the course of both is perfectly easy to follow, and its pastoral grace, effective disposition of parts, and charming originality, make it one of the most agreeable works which the Society has yet brought forward. A more mature violinist than Mr. Müller would perhaps have given more effect to the second movement, in which the muted first violin has the most prominent part; but as it was, the performance was good enough to show the remarkable beauty of the composition. Even more interesting than M. Lalo's work was the new Quintet by Mr. Charles Wood, to which the prize of twenty guineas was recently awarded by the Society. The first movement (in F major) begins capably on well-contrasted subjects, which are carefully treated; but its continuation seems at a first hearing little else than a series of experiments in complicated rhythms, and its episodes have little or no evident connexion with the main body of the thematic material. The Scherzo is thoroughly original, and in the Trio one of the composer's rhythmic experiments succeeds perfectly; the slow movement is sufficiently melodious, and the Finale, a set of variations in which the peculiarities of the various instruments have been duly considered, is perhaps the most happily inspired movement of the whole work. Spohr's Nonet for wind and strings was also given at the same concert, thus completing the series of works by the composer for similar combinations, which have been lately played at the Society's very successful meetings.

The number of minor concerts and recitals which have taken place during the past three weeks has been so great that it is impossible to do more than briefly chronicle the most important. Of these, the concert given by the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society on the 26th ult. at St. James's Hall was one of the most conspicuous, the admirable singing of the choir, under Mr. Riseley's conductorship, being as remarkable for the beauty of tone produced as it was for the careful observance of every gradation of tone-colouring. At the second of Miss Marguerite Hall's and Mr. William Nicholl's Vocal Recitals (which took place on the 15th ult.) a programme of familiar songs &c. was executed by Miss Hall and Messrs. Bailey and Salmoud, the latter of whom replaced Mr. Nichol, who was too unwell to appear. Instrumental music was represented by Mr. Leo Stern and the inevitable M. Tivadar Nachéz. The Pianoforte Recital given at Princes' Hall on the 21st ult. by the young Scotch pianist, Mr. Frederic Lamond, showed how much he has improved since his first appearance a few years ago. His performance of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, was characterized by great breadth and a most welcome absence of any affectation either of reading or execution. The same features marked his performance of the two sets of Brahms's Variations on a theme by Paganini (Op. 35) and of Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" (Op. 13); his playing throughout was highly artistic, and only wants more tenderness and expression to be of the very first rank. On the 22nd of April Miss Hilda Wilson, assisted by her sister and two brothers, gave an interesting Vocal Recital at

Steinway Hall; on the following day Mr. J. St. O. Dykes was heard at Princes' Hall, in company with Herr Willy Hess and Mrs. Trust; and on Monday, the 28th, Miss Winifred Robinson gave a pleasant concert at the same Hall, at which she created a favourable impression by her playing of violin solos by David and Sainton.

Mr. Manns's Benefit Concert at the Crystal Palace on Saturday was a great success in every way. His selection of music was a particularly happy one. Perhaps its chief attraction was the performance, for the first time, of a Serenade for Orchestra by Miss E. M. Smyth, a remarkable composition, full of force and variety. The first movement, perhaps, left us with the impression that it is composed of beautiful scraps, not sufficiently blended together; but that may not be the fault of the composer, and was an impression certainly redeemed in the second movement, which showed unusual power in its excellent construction. The finale, perhaps, comes to too abrupt a conclusion, but the whole work is a noteworthy achievement. Tchaikowsky's second concerto in G (Op. 44), heard for the first time in England, the pianoforte part being played by M. Sapellnikoff, was another great attraction, the brilliancy of the piece and of M. Sapellnikoff's playing being exceptional. Mr. Henschel sang "Lamentatio Davidis," by Heinrich Schütz, with excellent effect; but occasionally the trombone accompaniment marred the effect by outpacing the singer. Miss Macintyre's rendering of "Roberto, tu che adori," with perfect style and feeling, showed the finish of the singer's method. She also introduced two songs—"Willow, willow," and "My true love hath my heart"—of Dr. Parry's, both attractive in their way. The overtures to *Der Freischütz* and *Tannhäuser* were well played by the orchestra.

THE FROZEN VACUUM BRAKE.

VI.

WE have in previous articles dealt mainly with the lessons to be derived from the collision at Carlisle on the morning of the 4th March, and their application to other cases of accidents that have occurred to the vacuum brake, but we propose in this article to deal more generally with the history of railway brakes from their original commencement to the present time.

Railways are now rather more than sixty years old. Nearly 30,000 miles of railway have been constructed in this country, some single but mostly double, and sometimes three or even four lines of rails running parallel with one another. There are also 180,000 miles of railway in America, and 350,000 in the world.

The locomotive engine was rapidly brought to a high degree of perfection, and it was possible to acquire and maintain some thirty-five years ago as high a speed as at present. The improvements that have since been effected in the engine are improvements rather of adaptation and detail than of principle; but, oddly enough, the means of promptly reducing the speed, and of bringing railway trains to a stand within short distances, was, until recent years, comparatively neglected. Even now there is a serious want of efficiency in this respect on many railways, and above all a want of uniformity as regards brake systems on the various railways which daily exchange rolling stock with one another in this country.

The brake originally used on wagons or carriages was a "slipper," or "skid," attached by a chain to the vehicle, and placed by hand under one of the wheels. A rougher mode was that of putting a piece of wood called a "sprag" between the spokes of a wheel to jamb against the body of the vehicle. The improved mode of pressing a block against the wheel, now commonly used with road vehicles, is almost universally adopted on railways; though in some cases sledge-brakes, on the principle of the old slipper, have been employed, as in the case of McConnell's steam-brake, but more especially with weighted vans on heavy inclines. For very many years, however, the system of brakes on railways was primitive in character and wrong in principle. The retarding power was principally applied on the engine and tender,—sometimes by brakes on the driving-wheels of the engines; commonly by brakes on the tender screwed down by hand; and in cases of emergency by reversing the engine, and applying steam against its forward progress. The disadvantage of thus applying the retarding power mainly in front of the train was apparent in the case of many accidents. When an engine or a vehicle near the front or in the middle of a train left the rails, or was in any way damaged, or when in any way a sudden obstruction occurred, the carriages from their own momentum tended to run forward upon one another and upon the engine, and the carriage bodies were crushed, and the passengers received fatal or other injuries. It is true that either at the tail of the train, or perhaps in the middle of it or behind the tender, there were brake-vans, and the guards were able to apply their screw-brakes on these vans on hearing the engine-driver's whistle, or otherwise ascertaining the necessity for it; and the brake-vans assisted, when the brakes were so applied, in preventing the hinder carriages from running forward upon those in front; but, unfortunately, in very numerous cases the guards were unaware of accidents that happened to the trains, and were unable from the direction of the wind, or the noise of the train, or from being engaged in sorting parcels or other duties, to hear the signal-whistle of the engine-driver; and

it thus frequently happened that the brakes on the van or vans in the train were not applied, although imminent danger was being incurred from the want of them. After much experience of this description, it began to be understood that some system of enabling brakes to be put on a number of vehicles at a time was required. Mr. Newall, the carriage-superintendent of the East Lancashire Railway, was the first to introduce, in 1854, a practical scheme of this description, and the principle which he adopted was that which is now known as the automatic principle. He placed at the end of each carriage a long and strong spring, which forced the brake-blocks on to the wheels; and then, by coupling the brakes of three or four carriages together by means of linked and jointed shafts, the guard was enabled to wind off these brakes in order to start the train and allow it to proceed; and on the other hand to loose the handle, and allow the brake-blocks to fly on to the wheels, through the action of the springs, whenever he wished the train to be pulled up. The next attempt at what may be called "continuity of brakes" was made by Mr. Fay, the carriage-superintendent of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway; and his brakes are still in use on some of the minor railways. Fay's brake, however, was retrograde in principle, inasmuch as the brakes were not self-applying on the release of a handle, but required to be wound on and off by a guard over the three or four carriages, which could be worked from one brake compartment. In the case of both these brakes there was the serious defect that they could only be applied along the whole train by employing a guard for every group of three or four carriages, and the engine-driver had no means of applying them, but could only call the guard's attention by means of his whistle when he required them for stopping his train. From time to time, however, there were numerous competitors who adopted the principle already tried but abandoned by George Stephenson in 1832. In these various systems the buffer-rods were directly or indirectly attached to the brake-levers, and the brake-blocks were applied to the wheels by the compression of the buffers; such compression being caused as soon as a retarding influence on the train was produced by shutting off the steam of the engine, or still more by reversing it and applying the tender-brake. These systems have always been abandoned for the same reasons, viz., the difficulty of backing the trains when required, or of shunting, or of controlling these brakes, and making them useful otherwise than for stopping a train in forward motion.

The next brake of importance which came into use on a large scale was the chain-brake of Mr. Clarke, who attached a chain to every vehicle. The brakes were applied as soon as certain friction-drums fixed on an axle of each vehicle were brought into contact by means of the chain, which could be tightened by the engine-driver or one of the guards. The main defect, however, of this system was similar to that of the brakes of Messrs. Newall & Fay, that it could only be applied to three or four vehicles by one guard or the engine-driver. Mr. Clarke with great ingenuity turned his chain-brake into an automatic brake on finding that system necessary; but it became so complicated that its use in that form was abandoned. It was this chain-brake with some adaptation (of which it is difficult to learn the exact particulars) which was adopted on the whole of the London and North-Western Railway as the Webb-cum-Clarke chain-brake; but it was used on that railway only as an emergency brake. Of all the wrong principles which have been applied to brakes this is, perhaps, the worst. In railway working any description of machinery that is kept for emergencies only is known by ample experience not to be fit for work or properly employed when it is most required.

Another variety of the chain-brake was that of Mr. Heberlein. He adapted the chain-brake for use in the hands of the engine-driver by means of a wire passing over the carriages so as to enable the engine-driver to apply the brake over the whole train when he wished to do so. Mr. Webb on the London and North-Western Railway tried in vain to obtain the same result by means of a communication-cord. Mr. Heberlein's brake was principally used on the Bavarian State Railway, where it has now been abandoned for the Westinghouse system. The communication-cord of whatever description has never been satisfactory, even for calling the attention of the engine-driver or guard by the passengers, and still less could it be relied on for applying brakes.

In studying the history of these various brakes it is impossible to avoid a melancholy feeling as to the waste of brain-power, of time, and of money which the various inventions underwent by not adhering to proper principles. The first consideration for a good brake is obviously that the whole power should be in the hands of the engine-driver, so that he should in case of necessity—which he only can discern—be able to apply the brakes with more or less power to every vehicle of a train and to release them when necessary.

As space prevents our going further at present, we shall in our next article deal with the history of railway brakes in their more modern aspect.

THE PRAYER OF VIRTUE HEARD.

"WHILE the duty on spirits thus swells the Exchequer,"
Its scandalized Chancellor said with a sigh,
"I may keep up (forgive the expression) my pecker
The Treasury coffers can never run dry."

Yet alas! how acutely we all must regret it,
How much we must wish that this revenue sank,
Nay, how 'twould rejoice us no longer to get it,
And know, as we then should, that nobody drank!
'Tis a shame and a sin, a disgrace to the nation,
To thrive by this blot on the national name!"
And every one said, "What a just observation!
The Chancellor's right; 'tis a sin and a shame!"

"I cannot refuse it; of course, I must take it,
The money comes in in the regular way;
But I still can do something—and will do—to make it
More lively for those who this revenue pay.
'Twould be well—I appeal to all right-minded thinkers—
'Twould mark our disgust at the yield of this tax,
If a part of the burden now borne by tea-drinkers
Were laid on the tipplers' detestable backs.
That virtue and wisdom commend this solution
And equity also, I think you'll agree."
And everyone said, "What a just retribution!
The Chancellor's right, they should pay for the tea."

Upon this our philanthropists shouted in chorus
"Was ever a nation so virtuous known?
We lament o'er our gains, like no people before us,
We weep as we count them, we pocket and groan.
We say not, *non olet*, with Flavius the Cæsar
We own that 'it smells,' but, disdaining to blench,
We let loose on the drinkers the State money-squeezer,
And tax them more stiffly for raising the stench."
So they cried, when at last they had done with objections,
"Although from this surplus our instincts recoil,
Having made such a series of moral reflections,
We now may proceed to distribute the spoil."

But the alcohol tippler had blushed for his weakness
Rebuked in this fashion; he bowed to the storm,
And, accepting reproof with exemplary meekness,
He strove, as the years passed away, to reform.
That spark perished not, in his bosom enkindled,
But waxed to a flame; and the Treasury haul,
As he grew in sobriety, steadily dwindled,
Till spirits at last yielded nothing at all.
Then those who rejoiced in this temperance movement,
And hailed our relief from the national curse,
On a sudden exclaimed, "'Tis a splendid improvement,
But—what has become of the national purse?"

Then the Drunkard Reformed to the Total Abstinence
Came up with a brotherly smile, and, said he,
"Since the country in virtue's so greatly the gainer,
You'll welcome, I'm sure, a new duty on tea.
To assist you to bear it I am not unwilling,
But, drinking no tea, I can't help you, I fear.
You have cured me, God bless you! of vile spirit-swilling,
But made me a moderate drinker of beer.
You will gladly shell out, O reformer benignant,
I know, and without a dissatisfied word."
But the Total Abstinence, amazed and indignant,
Said, "Go to the —! Pooh! the suggestion's absurd!"

Here a quarrel ensued; but a friend, among others,
Who happened to hear the excited debate,
Said, "Desist from your generous rivalry, brothers;
A shilling on incomes will just put us straight."
Then the B-er-drinker looked at the Total Abstinence
With kindlier eyes for a minute or more;
And the Total Abstinence said, "What could be plainer?
How stupid of us not to see it before!
He is virtue itself, so I'm sure he won't grudge it;
He'll see 'tis a thoroughly statesmanlike plan."
And every one said, "What a head for a Budget!
The Income-tax payer of course is the man."

REVIEWS.

MRS. SHELLEY.*

THERE can be few people who want fresh instruction about the life of the second Mrs. Shelley. All the lives of her husband are full of her; Mrs. Julian Marshall has recently added another stone to the cairn, and now Mrs. Rossetti has given us *Mrs. Shelley*, in the "Eminent Women Series." It was finished before Mrs. Marshall's book appeared. Mrs. Rossetti has some advantages as a biographer from her family connexions, in which survive memories of the Shelley tradition. These are not always judiciously employed; what Polidori's nephew, in a later generation, thought of Polidori is not very germane to the matter. Polidori's *Vampire* is said to "hold its place beside Mary's *Frankenstein*"; it does not do this in general estimation. Byron's own novel would have been the best of the set, if one

* *Mrs. Shelley*. By Lucy Maddox Rossetti. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

may judge by its excellent beginning, with its real touch of the supernatural, and its appeal to unsatisfied curiosity. Mrs. Rossetti tells an often-told tale with sympathy and enthusiasm, and not without fairness and common sense. It is well to be reminded that Godwin had been generous to others before he became a most ungenerous persecutor of Shelley for money. We are tired of criticizing manners and morals among a set of people so entangled in the nets of fate, fortune, and impossible ideas. They all had a much higher opinion of human nature than human nature in their own cases was able to justify. They were all inconsistent, sublime, selfish, sensitive, and unhappy. Mrs. Shelley II. was by far the most estimable in the group. Caught up, when almost a child, into a love affair with a married poet, she also was selfish for a season, and cruelly inconsiderate. "It is impossible," she calmly writes, "to knock into some people's heads that Harriet is selfish and unfeeling!" Most persons of her age have the defect which Mary observed in Harriet, without the same excuses, and Mrs. Shelley's own original mistakes were redeemed by the calm and nobility of her later life. When we have recognized this, as every just observer must recognize it, there is nothing more to be said that has not been said a hundred times. We might have wished that Mrs. Shelley had not "worked off her pent-up feelings with regard to Emilia Viviani" in a late novel. Mrs. Rossetti has more sympathy with Shelley, who, it seems, spoke unkindly of Miss Viviani, after using her "as a lay figure to attire with his thoughts." This was particularly mean in Shelley. He might have treated Mary Godwin in exactly the same way, but probably Mrs. Shelley (I.) would never have put her rival into a novel. The moral is that young ladies should not flirt with married poets, but the moral is preached in vain. Mrs. Williams passes very lightly through the furnace of this biography, and Mrs. Rossetti is quite fair to the unlucky Harriet. "There seems no evidence to convict poor Harriet upon, although Godwin at a later date informed Shelley that he had evidence of Harriet having been false to him four months before he left her. This evidence is not forthcoming," nor, as Mrs. Rossetti remarks, was Godwin likely to be an unbiased judge of it. Nor does Mrs. Rossetti believe in Hogg's attempt to seduce his friend's bride. Of Shelley, as of Sir Francis Clavering, any one might have said, "with the frankness of an early friend," "I believe you would rather lie than not." They were not ordinary lies; Shelley seems often to have mistaken dreams for realities. Still, unluckily, his word was in no way to be depended on. Mrs. Rossetti gently puts it that "allowance is to be made, perhaps, for the fanciful turn of Shelley's mind."

Like many ladies who now take up the pen, Mrs. Rossetti has not yet learned to write. This is, indeed, the principal charm of her book; she wanders among "who's" and "which's" in a pleasant disengaged manner, which only pedants will regret. She is fond of figures of speech; she likes to ask us to "picture" things, and "fountains" occasionally break up, and refresh the course of her narrative. We hear of "the delight of the fountain which transmutes even misery into the source of work and poetry." A fountain is a source, but what the fountain itself was we do not learn, unless, indeed, it was her own "intellectual faculty." A "wholesale holocaust" seems rather a tautological expression; a holocaust is nothing if not wholesale. To talk of Mrs. Godwin's "feeling for propriety, if only from a conventional and time-serving point of view," is to work that unhappy "point of view" too hard. In the first sentence of the third chapter the presence of the verb is severely missed. "His very crimes have been the *lacrymæ rerum* giving terrible vitality to his thoughts" is a queer phrase, nor do we see how "little rifts"—all very well in a lute—can indicate "the coming thunderstorm." There is a fine carelessness in "the poet who, for more than two years, all the women of her family had been profoundly interested in." If Shelley "bought an ass to carry the necessary portmanteau and Mary when unable to walk," he showed much want of consideration. When unable to walk, no animal should be required to carry Mary and the portmanteau. Did both Mary and Claire ride an unlucky mule at once, like Lady Templars? This might be inferred from the sentence, "On this animal Mary set out dressed in black silk, accompanied by Claire in a like dress, and by Shelley, who walked beside." How do fashionably unoccupied ladies of the present day "divide their interest between a twanging voice or a damp hand, and the last poem of the last fashionable poet"? Why a damp hand? Is palmistry alluded to, and, if this be the case, still, why "damp"? We read of Mary receiving letters from Shelley expressing the greatest impatience and grief at his separation from her, appointing vague meeting-places where he had to walk backwards and forwards from street to street in the hopes of a meeting, and fearful animosity against the whole race of lawyers, &c. Did Shelley appoint fearful animosity, or was Mary in hopes of fearful animosity? Or do we go back for the sense to the word "expressing," in a previous clause, far separated from its subject? Mrs. Rossetti's theory of Mrs. Shelley's hopes for Claire are oddly expressed. "It is manifest that Byron did not regard Claire in the light that Mary may have hoped for—namely, that he would consider her as a wife, taking the place of her who had left him." Byron was not at all likely to consider a lady as his wife when she did not and could not possibly hold that position. It is strange to attack *Frankenstein* for being "devoid of all feeling for art" in making his man, and then to add that the man was "copied from statues." What more could poor *Frankenstein* do for the interests of art than copy statues? He had to

work on a large scale, of course, but many statues are large. It was nature, not art, that he disregarded.

Mrs. Rossetti adds some remarks on Mrs. Shelley's relations with Gatteschi, who tried to "blackmail" her, which we do not remember reading in other biographies. Her criticism of *Frankenstein* is not too enthusiastic, and she censures the method of the narration, the long story told by a dying man. But it is, perhaps, impossible to see how this could have been avoided if the admirable opening scenes were to be preserved.

On the whole, Mrs. Rossetti's book is a fair manual of the subject; and it is not her fault that the subject has been hackneyed and overworked. But the style is often marked by great inexperience, or by inability to use language with grace and ease. The somewhat florid character of the earlier chapters disappears as the work advances, for practice has already begun to improve the manner. By the way, Shelley did not always dislike field sports; Hogg says he had been shooting partridges before he came up for his freshman's term. Nor was Lamb always funny; unless it be fun to steal "a small crucet" and bring it back next day, or to blow out a candle and place a leg of mutton in Martin Burney's hand. This was "a long remembered joke" and "ever ready fun."

STORIES.*

THERE was an Italian miscreant called Antonio Gelucchi, and he devised a cunning plan. He pretended to be a sculptor, and invited his sitters to partake of drink, which he drugged. They partook, and went to sleep. Then he put them into a more or less statuesque attitude, and applied to them a machine which held them in it. Then he tumbled the sitter, machine and all, into a bath full of artfully prepared acids. The consequence was that the sitter's clothes were instantly destroyed, and the sitter instantly petrified into a statue "in the most delicate flourspar." Then he sold his sitter for a great price. His works were considered to be wonderfully life-like, but wanting in artistic refinement. This ingenious method of murdering solved comfortably the mysteries of a commonplace shilling romance erected round it by Mr. Milford under the title of *What Became of Him?* Hasty persons might suppose that the petrifying process was the product of Mr. Milford's brilliant invention, but it is not so. Professor Martini, of Italy, discovered it, Mr. Milford says, as much as twenty-five years ago, only he used it not for murder, but for the preservation of human corpses. The petrification was so complete that "the dear departed" could be permanently used as "an artistic ornament for the staircase or conservatory." Mr. Milford's ingenuity was not equal to the task of making Signor Gelucchi pursue his peculiar industry undisturbed for any great length of time. He was detected—of course by the hero—and the hangman was cheated, as any novel-reader would expect. His adventures, though essential to the plot, occupy a small part of the story. The rest, which is not long, contains nothing to call for remark.

The Police Minister is far more tremendous. Its principal characteristic is the uncompromising resolution with which Mr. Borlase goes the whole hog, down to the very last bristle, of adherence to the style and methods of fiction of which the *Castle of Otranto* is, in some measure, the recognized historical type. The story opens at a ball in the Opera House at St. Petersburg. Five thousand guests are present. The splendour of their attire elicits from the author the reflection that "the diamonds, the emeralds, and the opals that glitter on white arms and whiter bosoms, and the bullion lace, the seed pearls, and the garnets that flash on uniforms," would, if they were but "turned into honest coin of the realm," be "sufficient to rescue from the death-pit tens of thousands of starving families." It is a pleasing fallacy that the poor could eat diamonds if the greedy rich would only give them up. The lovers are not behind the author in the orthodox propriety of their manners and conversation. When Ada Bayard comes in, "the attention of every one [five thousand—think of it!] was attracted." No sooner did the young lady meet Sir Harry Gordon, than "for nearly a minute they stood gazing into each other's faces," and a short time after she said, "Alas! Harry, since our last pleasant ramble beside the Thames I have resolved to give myself entirely to my parent. I am his sole stay. He has not a real friend in all St. Petersburg." By way, probably, of going one better, he presently rejoins, "Let us leave the glittering, but hollow, crowd, and seek some quiet and secluded

nook, where heart can speak to heart and eye to eye, without any princely detective being at hand to take notes." Almost immediately after a police agent, who is also a Nihilist, fires towards but purposely misses the Czar, and the next day Ada Bayard is arrested for the crime, and a terrific melodrama of blood and mystery, secret passages and poisoned snuff, overheard conversations and frozen corpses, starts on its raging career, and rattles merrily through the rest of the volume. As is usual in such cases, the late Czar is the *deus ex machina*, who brings everything out fairly comfortably at the end. The chief villain is the Minister of Police, and the following passage is a fair specimen of his soliloquies, besides throwing enough light upon one turn of the plot to show the nature of the volume:—

Could I but have got that old shipbuilder underground, and the young *attaché* either similarly disposed of or beyond the confines of the Empire, I could have safely seized upon both girls, and having lashed the one to death, have felt myself secure with the other. But matters are all happening on the cross, as the vulgar express it, and so the time for trifling is evidently over. Ha, I have it! I will bribe the Princess Olga to poison the English girl, and when she is dead I will have her body discovered in her house, and she shall be arrested and punished for the crime. Let me see, can I not saddle her with the old man's death also?

There is a kind of smell about New York stories which a critic of the most moderate experience can recognize with great promptitude. It hangs gracefully round *Out at Twinnett's* from the first page to the last. The characters are all New York business men and women, and they all think it necessary to talk at all times in the slightly jocular vein whereunder they endeavour to dissimulate their regret that they are not English. A certain Frayston has been accused of forgery owing to the base machinations of a band of villains, headed by Maile. Frayston has, therefore, disappeared, causing it to be supposed that he has committed suicide, whereby he succeeds in making every one believe him to be guilty. At the same time there appears upon a rocky island in Long Island Sound a person calling himself Captain Twinnett, who sets up a summer restaurant, wherein he entertains yachtsmen and excursionists with marvellously good wines and cigars. He is Frayston, thinly disguised, and after a year or two he brings to nought a perfectly unintelligible plot whereby Maile was trying to capture the remnant of his fortune, and emerges in his own person with his credit (moral and financial) better than ever. The story is dull, the mystery transparent, and the characters unattractive—especially the heroine, Frayston's daughter, who loves no one and is beloved of none save Maile, whom, of course, she detests. The worst offence in the story is its authorship. He who takes up a book by the author of *Helen's Babies* wants to see the wheels go round, and in *Out at Twinnett's* he sees nothing of the kind.

Tom's wife drank. Tom's sister cured her. There you have the bones of *Tom's Wife* in seven words. Add that Tom was a robust farmer; that Lettice, his wife, had a kind-hearted but disagreeable stepmother; that the reason why Lettice drank was that her father's house, together with her mother, who was inside, had been burnt more or less in her presence, and that Lettice had thereafter suffered from "nerves," and that brandy had been medically ordered as a remedy, and you have most of the flesh which clothes the cheerful skeleton already indicated. Eventually Tom and his wife brought up a family soberly in Texas, and Bessie, Tom's sister, married the man of her heart. None of the characters are disagreeable enough to make the reader regret that their affairs, after much tribulation, get combed out pretty straight, or agreeable enough to make him regret his arrival at the end of the story.

It does not seem to follow that a shilling story in a paper cover will be materially better written by an experienced novelist than by any one else. Mrs. Riddell writes *My First Love* with the pen of an elderly, married, distinguished, and successful barrister. This great man tells how, in the comparatively happy days of youth, he dearly loved and was dearly loved by a girl who had been his neighbour in the country, and with whom he had carried on a prolonged flirtation in boyhood's irresponsible hour. They were engaged, subject to a promise exacted by unsympathetic parents that the engagement should be only provisional for a given period. The period elapsed, but misfortune complicated with treachery deferred their meeting for three weeks after the end of the period; and, when Edwin flew to Angelina, it was only to find her signing the register in the parish church on the occasion of her marriage with Another. Dark hints strewn freely through the story give us to understand that Edwin—whose name, by the way, was Tom—resembled the gentleman in *Fly-Leaves* who asked "a swallow, or a swift, or some bird," to acquaint his "earliest love" that "Never, never—although three times married—Have I cared a jot for aught but her." It is a nice pathetic subject.

The perusal of *Juny* is a serious task. It looks as if it cost a shilling, and it is marked half a dollar (which is believed to be, for many purposes, much the same thing), but it contains no fewer than 271 pages, and a disagreeably large proportion of particularly hideous dialect. Everybody in it is deliberately and aggressively American; but there is plenty of murder and other crime, and an extremely elaborate, intricate, and confusing kind of plot. One never discovers exactly why who wants to rush where when, and the story is very far from being sufficiently interesting to follow upon a basis of scrappy or partial comprehension. It is poor stuff, and the world will not be any worse off if Mr. De Leon never writes another.

* *What Became of Him?* By Fred C. Milford, Author of "Fifty-five Guineas Reward" &c. London: Dean & Son.

The Police Minister: a Tale of St. Petersburg. By James Skipp Borlase, Author of "Daring Deeds and Tales of Peril and Adventure." London: Warne & Co. 1890.

Out at Twinnett's. By John Habberton, Author of "Helen's Babies." London. 1890.

Tom's Wife. A Novel. By Lady Margaret Majendie, Author of "Precautions" &c. London: White & Co. 1890.

My First Love. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith" &c. London: Hutchinson & Co.

Juny; or, Only One Girl's Story: a Romance of the Society Crust—Upper and Under. By T. C. De Leon, Author of "Creole and Puritan" &c. Mobile, Ala.: The Gossip Printing Company. 1890.

The Rogue's Gallery. By C. T. Clarkson and J. H. Richardson, Authors of "Police!" Illustrated by Harry Parkes. London: Field & Tuer. 1890.

The Rogue's Gallery consists mainly of extracts from the notebook of an inspector of police. It gives accounts of several kinds of rogues, and their crimes, and the tactics employed for bringing them to confusion. It also contains some rather good pictures of a variety of criminally-disposed persons in a variety of more or less exciting circumstances. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that, though some people may learn some convenient slang from it, not many will be amused. One story raises a rather nice question of casuistry. The police had considerable reason to believe that a warehouseman of great apparent respectability was a receiver of stolen goods on a large scale. They had not enough evidence to obtain a search-warrant, so they tried what the authors call a "dangerous expedient." They "sent a man of low character" to break into the warehouse and move goods from one part of it to another, so that the warehouseman might suppose he had been robbed. At first the man put up with the supposed loss, but after "a third incursion" he informed the police of the fact. They asked to see the premises, which he could not refuse, and by watching carefully as they went about, they discovered enough stolen goods to justify the issue of a warrant, and the man was eventually convicted, and his nefarious trade put a stop to. Was this proper behaviour on the part of the police or not? We incline to the opinion that it was one of those cases in which the plot is justified by its own success—and no doubt if it had not succeeded we should never have heard of it.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

WE have been hearing more and more of Morocco lately, although there is still a good deal of mystery enveloping the land of the Moors. Indeed, as Mr. Harris remarks, even the race is so mixed, and its pedigree must be traced back to such hazy antiquity, that it is by no means clear that "Moor" is not in some measure a misnomer. The so-called Moor is the nominal ruler in a land of many mixed nationalities who stubbornly strive to preserve their independence. The Sultans themselves are distinctly of bastard blood, since they are for the most part sprung on the mother's side from slaves imported from the Soudan and the oases of the Sahara. The present Emperor, although a singularly handsome man, has the thick lips and the dark complexion of the negro. To our mind, by far the best book ever written on Morocco is that by Gerald Rohlfs—for *Robinson Crusoe* hardly counts. It is not every Christian who would care to turn renegade like Rohlfs, though we are not inclined to be over-severe on his apostasy. For as a convert to the only true faith he penetrated social secrets which would otherwise have been sealed to curious Europeans; he made his way to those fertile Southern oases which no other European has ever trodden, and he ran the gauntlet of a series of thrilling adventures which might set up a score of sensational novelists. But, although Mr. Harris can rival Rohlfs neither as adventurer nor author, he has written an interesting and instructive volume of travel. He knows Morocco in its more accessible districts exceptionally well; strange to say, he has attained to a tolerable proficiency in the language, and in successive journeys he has made friends or acquaintances among sundry of the local officials or notables. He gives a very good idea of the country, of the manners and unpleasant customs of the natives, and of the abuses that would make existence generally intolerable had the people any conception of more genial systems of government. The social structure of the empire is founded on shifting sand, and there can be no sense of stability anywhere. The Sultan's tyranny is so far tempered by the terror of sudden revolution or more sudden death. The Czar himself, were he to dispense with guards and police at Gatchina, could scarcely hold life on a more doubtful tenure. The Sultan, like the Shah of Persia, is said to have great reserves of treasure, a story which sounds extremely probable, although he does keep up Solomon-like harems in each of his three capitals. It sounds probable, because he remorselessly squeezes all his subordinate officials when they are supposed to have become sufficiently bloated by ruthless oppression and extortion. The Bascha of a province, the Kaid of a town, has no pay and no allowances, or next to none. *En revanche*, he is allowed a free hand, and he arbitrarily levies the rates and taxes, which are adjusted according to his greed. Trouble in enforcing payment is minimized in great measure by the small number of head men held responsible; and they, in their turn, put the screw on their dependents. The result is that the peasant, labourer, or common artisan is ground between the gaol, the gibbet, and the nether millstone. Whether he have money or no, he must pay, either in purse or in person. Always living from hand to mouth and on the very verge of starvation, it is fortunate for him that the soil is rich, and the climate kindly for far the greater part of the year. His clothing is of the simplest, and he lives on spring water and farinaceous food with an epicurean flavouring of odiferous vegetables. Not only are the Sultan's domestic expenses heavy, but he has now got together a decently disciplined army, thanks to the zealous efforts of the Scotchman, Kaid Maclean, who has passed some fourteen years

in his service. The army must be paid for, though it ordinarily lives at free quarters, seeing it is equipped with Winchester rifles, &c., but by the summary Moorish methods it is made to be self-supporting. The districts that are more or less amenable to the Sultan's sway are rated for a lump sum. If they refuse to pay, the Sultan on one of his perpetual progresses from capital to capital turns aside at the head of his ordinary escort, which may possibly number twelve thousand fighting men. The recalcitrant province is mercilessly pillaged. Everything is carried off that, as the Scotch borderers used to say, is not too hot or too heavy. That may be all very well, and so far *de bon guerre* according to Moorish ideas. Even setting the villages in a blaze may be sound policy. But it certainly seems to be a financial and economical mistake when the Sultan not only destroys the forests, seeing that the dearth of wood has desiccated the country, but fells the olives and grubs the orchards. There are three points on which Mr. Harris's report is somewhat original. The first regards the condition of the Jews. He represents them as a most disreputable and degraded race, who are treated, on the whole, pretty nearly as well as they deserve. They are oppressed and maltreated in common with their fellow-subjects. But the special Jewish disabilities are limited in Morocco to their being forbidden to ride or to wear shoes in the Moorish quarters, and to being locked up at night in a quarter of their own, as was the case till the other day in the holy capital of Catholicism. And this "ghetto" is so exceptionally and filthily foul that they need be in little fear of intrusion. The prisons again would scarcely meet the approval of a Howard, and Mr. Harris admits that such horrors may be perpetrated in the dismal subterranean vaults as Scott imagined in the dungeon of Front de Beauf's keep. But the mass of captives confined above ground are, for the most part, guilty of really atrocious crimes; for the Moor is passionate and predisposed to truculence and murder. Their lives pass pleasantly enough in vicious communion; they are compulsorily set free for a season from the labours they detest; and, on the whole, they are fed nearly as well as they often are in their own miserable hovels. Finally, the author holds strong views as to missions to the Moors. He doubts whether superficial conversion to Christianity would bring either spiritual or material blessings. It would permit the natives to drink, while they are already only too excitable; and it would allow them to indulge in the flesh of swine, which would aggravate the horrors of leprosy, scrofula, and other contagious diseases. Before taking leave of him we may give an example of the discouraging precariousness of the rights of property in Morocco. At Mequinez the Bascha, after considerable pressure, assigned his foreign visitors a house. The house was inhabited; but in half an hour the soldiers had made a clean sweep of the unlucky inmates and their property; the men, the women, and the children, with all their goods and chattels, being cast forth promiscuously into the street.

Our Home in Aveyron is written by Mr. Christopher Davies and his sister, and Mr. Davies has already shown his remarkable descriptive power in his charming book on *The Norfolk Broads and Rivers*. We find an equal charm in his present volume. Aveyron is the picturesque country recently described by Miss Edwards in *The Roof of France*. The mountain departments of the Lot and the Lozère were altogether out of the world till the other day, when they were discovered and invaded by tourists and artists. Already the railway Companies have begun to nibble at them and develop them, carrying railway branches on stiff gradients up the beds of the torrents, and driving their tunnels through the soft limestone hills. But the arid plateaux, in which the rain in spring and autumn quickly drains away, and which are heaped with deep snowdrift in the long and bitter winter, have hitherto been but seldom scaled. The towns cling to the sides of the precipitous mountains; the ancient feudal châteaux are suspended over bottomless abysses; and in some of the villages the difficulty is to find ground sufficiently level for the smallest cemetery, so that the coffins may be safe from the floods and the landslips. Of course the population is still extraordinarily primitive in its habits and innocent to absurdity in its methods of thinking. The people are consequently suspicious, and are inclined to be misanthropical towards strangers. Though they have ceased to be faithful children of the Church, they are still fanatical in their prejudices, and when the blood is up or the fiery spirit is stirred within them, they are as reckless of human life as the Moors themselves. Mr. Davies went thither to visit a brother who was the director of a silver-lead mine. The English director was unusually popular, yet he always carried his life in his hand and a loaded revolver in his pocket. He was warned against sitting in his lighted office after dark, where his silhouette offered a tempting mark to the prowler, and that these warnings were not groundless was subsequently shown when one of his subordinates was blown up with a charge of dynamite. Personally popular he was the victim of his official position. The mining work is insalubrious, with the most careful precautions, and the Government declared that the men must wash, adding that the manager would be held responsible for their doing so. The men set their faces against ablutions, and so the unfortunate director was between the devil and the deep sea. As in Morocco filth is the cheap luxury of the lower classes. For picturesque situation and striking architectural effects Mr. Davies goes into raptures over many of the villages and towns. But the streets are so many common sewers—every kind of refuse was shot into them; and the stench is detestable if not deadly. The menus of the

* *The Land of an African Sultan; Travels in Morocco*—1887, 1888, and 1889. By Walter B. Harris. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

Our Home in Aveyron. By H. Christopher Davies and W. Broughall. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

plentiful, though simple, dinners in some of the old-fashioned inns are attractive; the cost was so inconsiderable as to be not worth counting. By a strange caprice, by the way, the poorest peasant considers a dinner napkin a necessity of life. But the sumptuous meal was spread in a grimy apartment, with a smoky ceiling and a dirty stone floor; and the bedrooms where the weary traveller sought repose, although often comfortable, were never clean. Yet in the eccentricity of contrasts, when a well-to-do labourer's daughter marries, she thinks a trousseau with several dozens of each sort of underlinen nothing out of the way. Linen is, in fact, their ideal proof of prosperity. They are proud to lie down in linen sheets which are a trifle rougher than swathings of sail-canvas or emery paper. They would be insulted by the designation of labourer—indeed, almost to a man they are peasant-proprietors, though often the property is less than a quarter of an acre. And their agriculture is as rough as their bed linen. They use oxen which are slung or shackled in order to be shod. Their ploughs, harness, &c., might have been patented by the ingenious Tubal Cain. They winnow the corn in the Mosaic fashion, and they gather the leaves of the poplars for their manure, thereby impoverishing the woodlands. But the soil in the valleys, and sometimes on the hill-sides, where it has not been washed away, is extraordinarily rich. They can garner three corn crops in the year, and the hay stands as high as a tall man's shoulder. Aveyron is perhaps scarcely worth the attention of the sportsman. A schoolmaster, who was a mighty and enthusiastic local Nimrod, boasted of having bagged so many as two or three partridges in a day, having previously baited the ground for the birds, as a Thames punter prepares "a swim" for the roach and the gudgeon. But the scenery is almost sublime and seemingly it is wonderfully varied. In the gorges leading up to the broken tableland of limestone on "les Causses," you follow the course of rapid rivers, confined between banks of cliff or mountain, with villages and vineyards, meadow-land and chestnut woods hanging wherever it is possible to the gentler slopes.

THE BOOK OF THE FARM.*

THERE are many things in this fourth volume of *The Book of the Farm* which we fancy would have astonished its author when he wrote the first edition, and, if agricultural chemists and entomologists continue their discoveries at their present pace, we shall want new editions of farming books almost every year. "Practice—Spring (continued)" and "Practice—Summer" are the subjects of this division. The first part of the book deals with the planting of potatoes. This tuber, we read, was brought to England in the year 1586 "by Raleigh." It reached Ireland in 1610, but did not get to Scotland till 1728, to Prussia till ten years later still, nor to Tuscany until 1767. The wild potato is indigenous in Chili. Dr. Darwin found it in the Chonos Archipelago "in great abundance in the sandy, shelly soil near the beach. The tallest plant was four feet in height"; but the tubers were small, the largest being only two inches in diameter, and "when boiled they shrank much and were watery and insipid, without any bitter taste." Useful as the potato is as human food, it has some relatives of ill-repute, such as Belladonna and Henbane, and the whole family of "*Solanaceae* or Night-shades," of which we are told there are "900 species." Harmless as is the actual tuber of the *Solanum tuberosum*, or common potato, an extract of its leaves makes "a powerful narcotic, ranking between belladonna and conium"—a deadly poison. In cultivation the potato may be described as a glutton for manure. If from fifteen to twenty tons of farmyard manure is the common allowance per acre, from twenty-five to thirty is by no means unusual, and for early crops in the Lothians from thirty-five to forty tons are sometimes given. In addition to its farmyard manure, the potato does better if guano, superphosphate, kainit, and nitrate of soda are added.

In spring much attention has to be paid to the breeding of live-stock, and some very practical advice is here given with regard to poultry, horses, cattle, and pigs. Another matter that farmers used to occupy themselves with in the spring was the once favourite practice of "paring and burning," which, we are informed, has "very properly lost its repute." As in the other volumes, there is a section on the weather, giving both scientific and popular theories on the subject. When we come to the cultivation of the soil, the first plant dealt with is one rarely mentioned by an English farmer—namely, flax. "It is at first sight somewhat strange that a crop which is grown with financial success in Ireland," more especially, we may add, in Ulster, "should never have come into culture in England or Scotland." The demand for linseed in England is very large; but for flax-straw there is scarcely any, whereas in the Ulster linen-mills it is constantly wanted. Some years ago an attempt was made to grow flax-straw in England for paper-making, and for a time it promised to succeed; but white pine-wood is now so extensively used as a fibre in paper-mills that flax-straw has almost been driven out of the market. It is unfortunate that prices are against the growth of flax in this country, as the plant is said to be a native of England, and it has the advantages of being almost proof against damage

by rain, hares, and rabbits. Hemp, which is grown principally in Lincoln and Dorset, is a crop that requires very heavy manuring, and suffers terribly from the attacks of birds. Of all farm produce, the most speculative is the hop. "Many fortunes have been made and lost in the growing of this crop, around which has gathered a halo of romance which hop-farmers delight to contemplate and talk of." The average produce of the hop is from 6½ to 7 cwt. per acre, and the price per cwt. has varied from 5l. to 30l. The average cost of its cultivation in "full plant" is about 36l. 12s. per acre, and, in addition to this, from 2l. to 5l. have often to be added to defray the expenses of sulphuring and washing for blight. Unlike most other crops, the hop may be grown with advantage on the same land for a long course of years—indeed, there are said to be hop-yards more than a hundred years old. Farmyard manure and woollen rags are the principal plant-foods of hops, and to these are now added guano, rape-cake dust, and superphosphate of lime. Altogether, in one form or another, about 7l. worth of manure is required annually per acre.

Turnips come in for a long notice. Their leading advantages lie in their providing "a cleaning and fallowing crop," "obviating any necessity for a bare fallow on light soils, and enabling the farmer during the winter months to keep a number and quality of cattle formerly impossible." The ordinary reader will be surprised at the large amount of machinery used in their cultivation. The form of beetroot known as mangel-wurzel is said to have been produced by a cross of the red with the white garden beet. It is stated by Professor Wilson that the mangel was introduced into this country very little more than a hundred years ago. Although it is only used as a food for cattle in the United Kingdom, it is grown very largely in Germany and France for the production of sugar. "It is not in the least surprising," says the author, "that the application of common salt has been found in general farm practice to substantially increase the yield of mangels. The plant, we have seen, is indigenous to the sea-coast—it is, in fact, a descendant of the wild beet of the sea-shore—and its ash is found to contain from 25 to 50 per cent. of common salt." In some instances, it is said by Sir James Caird, a dressing of 5 cwt. of salt to the acre may increase the produce in mangels by 10 tons per acre; yet Sir John Lawes found that in certain cases the addition of salt rather checked their growth. From 30 to 35 tons to the acre are considered good crops, but they vary from 12 tons to 50 tons. A good deal is said here in favour of Kohl-Rabi, a plant which, Professor Wrightson tells us, is subject to no diseases, and but few insect attacks. Nevertheless, it is rather an uncertain crop, although "this drawback is being gradually removed by the raising of improved varieties, which are more reliable in their development." The description of the process of the cross-fertilization of grain is of much interest. Messrs. Carter and Messrs. Webb are at present the leading operators in this important development of agriculture.

An important section of this volume is that describing Insect and Fungoid Pests, so much so, indeed, that we propose to give it special prominence in this notice. Most of the insect pests are the grubs of some fly or beetle. The ugly, shapeless, legless maggot, which bores voraciously through the leaves of the turnip, develops into rather a smart little fly. Boys should on no account be scolded for chasing white butterflies, as they lay their eggs on cabbage leaves, to which their caterpillars do very great damage. Fortunately, these caterpillars themselves have a destructive parasite in the ichneumon-fly. The destructive corn aphid is very minute, and no means have yet been discovered of effectually coping with it. Many people may be unaware that the Daddy-longlegs does great harm to both corn and turnip crops. His grub—a very evil-looking grub too—gnaws the young plants just below the ground, and thus stunts their growth. Flies attack corn in different manners. The Ribbon-footed fly lays its eggs in the lower parts of the ears; the Saw-fly pierces a hole in the stems when they are young and soft, and lays eggs in them. The advent of few flies has created such alarm as that of the Hessian fly, which was first discovered in England about four years ago. It is an ugly, hairy-winged insect, whose maggots suck the juices of the stems of wheat, barley, and rye until they become so weakened as to bend over at an acute angle. Another mischievous insect is the Wheat-midge, a tiny gnat, whose orange-coloured maggots greatly injure young wheat in the ear. Both farmers and gardeners have a mutual antipathy to the terrible wire-worm, or grub of the Click-beetle, which is "said to live five years in the grub state." Moles help to keep these insects down, and white mustard "has been found to act well as a clearing crop on infested land." A very small worm which does great mischief to wheat, oats, and clover is the eel-worm, of which there are several varieties.

Hops are terrible sufferers from insect pests. Very often the first thing to attack them is the wire-worm of the striped Click-beetle. Then there are special hop-aphides, which attack the plant early in May. They are described as having "monstrously long beaks," and as propagating "with astonishing rapidity." It might have been added that Tougaard and Morrer consider that a single aphid can lay a quintillion of eggs, and that Professor Huxley has calculated that the tenth generation from one pair of aphides, if all lived, might contain more ponderable matter than 500,000,000 men—i.e. more than the entire population of China. Other insects which infest the hop are the hop-jumper, the hop-flea, the hop-bug, and the caterpillar of the ghost-moth. Bitter enemies of the hop, again, are the so-called red spiders,

* *Stephens' Book of the Farm*. Fourth edition. Revised, and in great part re-written, by James Macdonald. In Six Divisions. Division IV. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons 1890.

which are not spiders at all, but mites. Mr. Andrew Murray says that the plant shows "the influence of their presence in its sickly yellow hue; the sap is sucked by myriad insect mouths from the vessels of the leaf, and its pores"—well. There are worse things still! We read, too, that the "thousand legs" are often very troublesome to this much-harassed crop. The onion has a peculiar pest of its own, in a maggot which has the bad taste to make its happy home in the heart of that strong-smelling bulb. The ravages of beetles, or weevils as they are more commonly called, are familiar in the scooped edges of the leaves of beans and peas. As to potatoes, fortunately the Colorado beetle, which was expected to devour them, does not find this climate agree with it; but sometimes the enormous caterpillars of the death's-head moths play sad havoc upon the leaves of a potato-field at night. Turnips have a host of insect pests; which have, in their turn, a deadly enemy in a one-horse machine called the Strawsonizer, a cleverly-contrived air-power distributor, that will scatter either dry or liquid insect-destroyers with the most fatal effect. It is so exact that it will distribute either a gallon of paraffin or 28 lbs. of nitrate of soda quite evenly over an acre of land; or, if required, it will sow 10 lbs. of seeds over the same area with equal accuracy.

The fungoid growths on farm crops are "almost countless." The only kind that we have space to notice is the potato disease. This fungus usually attacks the leaves first, and then descends the stems until it reaches the tubers. One remedy is to cut off the diseased tops and thus prevent the fungus from running down them; but this operation stops the development of the tubers. "It is only as a last resort—where an immature crop would be better than the crop likely to be left by the disease—that this drastic measure should be adopted." Another remedy is to earth up the plants as high and as tightly as possible, with a view to checking the descent of the insidious fungus. This "protective moulding," as it is called, should be applied as soon as the blotches of the disease appear upon the leaves. It consists of a sharp ridge piled up above the ordinary drill to the height of about five inches. Prevention, however, is better than cure, and the best plan is to select varieties of potatoes that have hitherto shown themselves impervious to the disease. These are generally potatoes which have been comparatively lately "raised from the seed" by "cross-fertilization," as in such kinds the constitution and vitality of growth are usually robust.

There are excellent descriptions of sheep-shearing and sheep-washing; and, in the details of wool-preparation, which follow, we come upon one more insect pest in the white-shouldered wool-moth. The practice of giving cake to cattle when out at grass in summer is recommended as an economical way of at the same time fattening them and manuring the land; on the other hand, it is pointed out that the manurial advantages of "soiling," or, as it has been called, "grazing cattle in the house," have been somewhat exaggerated. The section on the dairy and cheese-making is good enough; but so many treatises on these subjects have appeared of late that we need not notice them in detail; we may observe, however, that the volume ends with some good advice to farmers about laying aside their prejudices against dairy factories.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE author of *Wanderings in Search of Health* writes in an agreeable manner and with a genuine knowledge of his subject. He has spent a considerable time in most of the places which he brings under our notice, and hence is much more competent to form a just opinion with regard to their merits than some who, after spending a brief holiday in one or more of them, have undertaken to instruct the public in this important matter. Dr. Taylor's powers of observation have been educated by a medical training as well as by considerable research in other branches of science—notably that of meteorology. His own infirmities have been the cause of his visits to many health-resorts, and consequently he has a keen insight into their advantages and disadvantages from the invalid's point of view. *Wanderings in Search of Health* contains much valuable information for the medical man, and, as it treats of the places, and not of the diseased conditions which they may alleviate, it is free from technicality, and adapted for perusal by the general reader. The vast majority of patients who are sent abroad suffer from either phthisis or chronic bronchitis, and desire to escape from the rigours and sudden changes of our English winter to more genial climes where much greater time can be spent in the open air than is possible to them here. There is an exception to this rule in the case of the Alpine valleys at great altitudes, which are now so much in vogue for consumptives; but it is more apparent than real; for, though the average temperature of these valleys is much lower than that of England, yet, when the winter has fairly set in, there is far more warm sunshine than here, and a greater number of hours can be spent out of doors. There is also an extremely pure atmosphere, which is of such vast importance to those with damaged lungs. In speaking of a long ocean voyage as a means of cure in persons threatened with tubercular disease,

* *Wanderings in Search of Health*. By H. Coupland Taylor, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

Influenza and Common Colds. By W. T. Fernie, M.D. London: Percival & Co.

Dr. Taylor gives a much-needed note of warning against allowing patients in the later stages of the disease to encounter the discomforts which are inseparable from life on board ship, even in the best appointed steamers. It has too often happened that persons with large pulmonary cavities have been permitted to start upon voyages of which they have not lived to see the end, or even if they have reached the port for which they were bound, it has only been to die in a strange land. We fear that similar results have not infrequently occurred where patients have been advised to go abroad as a last chance. We agree with the author in thinking that, since the onset of the rage for Alpine heights, Madeira, which was formerly such a favourite winter resort, has been unduly decried, and that many consumptive and bronchitic patients would derive much benefit from living there during the cold months of the year. Dr. Taylor speaks most highly of the kindness and consideration displayed by the hotelkeepers towards invalids staying in this beautiful island, and of their moderate charges, contrasting it in these respects with the Riviera, much to the disadvantage of the latter. In the near future the Canary Islands will probably prove formidable competitors of Madeira; but at present the amount of satisfactory accommodation for invalids is extremely limited in these islands. Dr. Taylor endorses the favourable opinion generally entertained as to the suitability of the Western Riviera as a winter residence, in spite of the occasional prevalence of the bitter mistral. He describes the climate of this district as a fine and moderately dry one, with a large proportion of sunshine and bright blue sky, and says that "it forms a fair medium between the extremes of the Alpine winter resorts, on the one hand, and of Madeira and the Canary Islands, on the other." The flora is, of course, sufficient to prove how much warmer it must be than England. It is, however, no place for those of narrow means, the charges for everything, including medical attendance, being very high. The last chapter contains brief but pithy notes on various other sanatoria, of most of which the author speaks from personal experience. Dr. Taylor concludes with some very sound advice which we cannot too strongly recommend medical men and those whose state of health requires residence abroad to "read, mark, and inwardly digest."

A more judicious time for the publication of a book on colds and influenza than the beginning of the year 1890 could not well have been chosen. In addition to the prevalence of the former, usually incident to this period of the year, we were in the thick of a widely-spread epidemic of the latter. Most of us were in a condition of recovery from an attack of "La Grippe," or in lively anticipation of undergoing one, which anticipation has by this time been pretty generally realized. From Dr. Fernie's account of the chief characteristics of cases occurring in the present epidemic we should imagine that he had been fortunate enough to escape the disease. Otherwise he would not speak of the well-nigh intolerable pains which accompany an attack in the following light and airy manner:—"In most cases there are heaviness and uneasiness about the back, shoulders, and limbs." In the matter of treatment we cannot recommend this book as a safe guide to "the general." We do not think it wise to suggest wet-packing as a remedy to be applied at the discretion of a layman, nor the administration of a powerful poison like aconite. The clinical thermometer, also, is apt to be an exceedingly misleading instrument in unskilled hands. Credence is given by the author to the homœopathic fallacy that, because large doses of various drugs produce certain toxic symptoms, therefore smaller doses of such drugs will probably prove curative where similar symptoms are caused by disease. It is principally on this ground that Dr. Fernie believes consumption in an early stage to be curable by the administration of preparations of sundew, and that watercress will prove efficacious in giving relief from the same formidable disease. Lycopodium and bryony are greatly recommended for chronic catarrhal conditions. All lovers and consumers of onions will be delighted to learn that "the use of raw onions with daily food tends to preserve from infectious disease." On p. 76 is a sentence containing what we presume is a clerical error; we are told that "the true cold in the head . . . is before all things English and to the manner born."

THE PAROCHIAL REGISTERS OF CANTERBURY.*

THE Harleian Society has deserved well of all genealogists and of all historians so far as genealogy is a handmaid of history, and this not only because of their own industry in the work, but because their good example has been a cause of industry in others. We have before us the product of the industry of Mr. Joseph Meadows Cowper, of Canterbury, who has devoted his leisure hours to the editing of the registers of the several churches in that city as well as of other interesting parochial memorials. The four volumes which he has as yet produced contain the registers of St. Dunstan's, St. Peter's, St. Alphage, and St. Mary Magdalene, and we congratulate him on the care and judgment with which he has executed his laborious task. The registers of St. George the Martyr and St. Paul's are, we learn, far advanced towards completion. It will be most satis-

* *The Registers of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, 1887—The Registers of St. Peter's, 1885—The Registers of St. Alphage, 1889—The Registers of St. Mary Magdalene, 1890*. Privately printed at Canterbury for Joseph Meadows Cowper.

factory if he is enabled to complete his work by printing and annotating the registers of these and the remaining parishes with the same thoroughness that he has here displayed, so that, taking into account Mr. Hovenden's edition of the Cathedral Registers, the genealogical history of Canterbury may be presented in as complete a form as possible.

Canterbury offers a tempting field to the genealogist, for its records contain, as might be expected, many historical names as well of citizens as of good county folk, who, whether calling themselves "Men of Kent" or "Kentish Men," seem to have been frequently impelled to leave their country parishes on so great an occasion as marriage, and seek the holy state of wedlock in the city of the Metropolitan. We are glad to learn that Mr. Cowper intends to print also the large number of marriage licences there existing. For another reason also is Canterbury a happy hunting-ground to the genealogist. The errors, lost leaves, and even lost volumes, which are so frequently to be lamented by the searcher of parish registers, are there supplied more fully, perhaps, than in any other diocese, by the transcripts which were and are by law required to be sent to the bishop through the archdeacons, to be preserved with other records of the diocese. In no diocese are they perfect, nor could they well be, for the Commonwealth, which suspended all "Archidiaconal functions," failed to enforce even the meagre enactment (substituted for the law of 1597), that records of all marriages should be deposited with the Clerk of the Peace.

In the introduction to the volume containing the registers of St. Mary Magdalene, Mr. Cowper points out the causes which led to much of the slovenliness which attended the keeping of parish registers from this time forward, tracing it chiefly to this unhappy enactment, which was not only interpreted so as to allow of the registration being confided to any unfit person as a substitute of the Clerk of the Peace, but by removing the books themselves from their ancient custodians and ancient places of custody begat a carelessness in the keeping of them which continued after the duty was restored to the clergy.

In no diocese has greater care been taken of such transcripts as do exist, and Mr. Cowper has not been slow to avail himself of the help which they give him. We believe that he alone of all those who have printed parish registers has taken advantage of the means of accuracy thus lying ready to hand. The same volume affords an example both of loss of originals and recovery from the transcripts. Some seventy years of baptisms, marriages, and burials were missing, and have been supplied from that source. The additions and corrections thus obtained are printed in italics; and a glance at the burials, 1761 to 1785, in the St. Peter's volume will show how important were the genealogical particulars which the rector of that day added in the transcripts—particulars of age, status, or parentage, and sometimes complete entries omitted in what he seems to have considered merely a first draft for the true register in the custody of his diocesan.

Not unfrequently, as is well known, fraudulent entries, erasures, or excisions have been made in parish registers, and it is obvious that a careful obedience to the injunction of making and sending in transcripts doubles, and more than doubles, the difficulties of the forger. St. Alphage registers contain a curious instance of this, to which the editor adverts in his introduction to the volume. Many entries are falsified, all referring to the well-known Kentish family of Denne between 1612 and 1623, and with the assistance of the transcripts all the falsifications are detected and corrected. The net result of the series of forgeries was that an Elizabeth, who never existed, is foisted in as an eldest daughter to Thomas Denne; but what was the object of the forgery, whether it was successful or not, and what was the net result to the forger, do not appear.

Ancient registers frequently contain much more than a mere catalogue of births, deaths, and marriages. The parson, with a blank page or a sufficient marginal space before him, wrote down whatever matter of interest came into his mind, utterly unmindful, says Mr. Cowper, that what he wrote would be seen by other eyes than his own, but often, we suspect, in the hope that his laudation or vituperation of his neighbours or of the times might be seen and perpetuated. So at Clist St. George, in the county of Devon, the rector dated his registers "*Anno 1^o post decolationem Caroli primi*," and so on to "*Anno 11^o*," &c.; and in 1660 "*anno 12^o Caroli secundi*." At Aldenham, co. Herts, the vicar indited a poem on the Plague and consigned it to the pages of his register. In the register of Seasalter, co. Kent, we have the marriage of "A. B., gent., and C. D., with the note [*a dapper spinster, by License, to be sure*];" and at Acton, co. Middlesex, "Richard Meredith, Esq. . . was married unto Mrs. Susanna Skippen, daughter to right honourable Major-General Skippen [*Traytor*], by Sir John Thoroughgood [*knave*], in the public congregation." It is true that these notes were inserted by the first rector after the Restoration! In the pages before us we find nothing stronger than "*a jayl bird*," and, again, "*an ancient hussey*," these being notes of the registrar of St. Dunstan's in the seventeenth century; but in many cases notes in registers are both entertaining and historically useful.

When Acts of Parliament [says Mr. Cowper] began to regulate the form in which entries should be made in the registers an end was put to all irregular remarks: from being a free agent the registrar was reduced to something very little better than a copying machine, whose duty is to fill in the squares of his chessboard-like books according to "the prescribed form." If one more square had been added for notes, our descendants might have been the gainers thereby.

The only suggestion we have to make is that, as it is true that the registers themselves would have been made more valuable and interesting by such contemporary annotation, so also Mr. Cowper's volumes would have gained in interest if there had been more copious notes as to the identity and history of some of the persons whose names appear in them. There is in every volume a careful and exhaustive index of places, as well as of surnames; and among the latter will be found no few noted ones, such as Lovelace, Lushington, Hales, Brydges, Knatchbull, Dering, Oxenden, Sandys, and Barham—the latter in the person of the witty and rhyme-loving Canon of St. Paul's; and some very singular ones, such as Gaynepeny, Adrionell, Wontee, Gillyflower, and Deleu (elsewhere Leleu), translated "Woolfe," and not, as might have been expected, "Lion" (Leeuw); besides many other Flemish and French patronymics. Of strange Christian names there is no lack—Floraday, Jennytruth, Philologus, and Hannah Statia may serve as examples.

The book is very well printed, and a credit to the press of Canterbury.

NOVELS.*

THAT Old Crusty's Niece is the first work of its joint-authors. It is evident as much from the respective difference of their styles as from the simple expedients of their plot. This difference of style has a marked and rather incongruous effect; for one writer can be distinguished from the other with the greatest facility, one being interjectory and the other exclamatory. The plot is a mixture of some small incidents of their village life—which they apparently know well—combined with reminiscences of the melodramas of their youth. The whole is strangely redolent of the Oxford don in his most pedantically erudite mood; and this fact is so palpable that it is almost possible to mark the care with which the capitals were formed and the *ts* crossed, and even the room in the country rectory where it was written. This, doubtless, denotes individuality; but in this case it is not conducive to the creation of a brilliant or a realistic novel. One reverend author—be he J. Jackson or T. we know not—refuses ever to be led into the commonplaces of everyday life; nor will he say "skin" when there is such an elegant substitute as "cuticle" at hand. But, still, we do not consider that "biliary ducts" is more euphonious than its ordinary equivalent. He also points out how Lindley Murray would have us pronounce *ck*; but that may have been a joke. We think it must be he wrote thus:—

It is enough to make the blood of a stoic to boil with indignation to think that there is a large amount of aristocratic rascaldom which lives and talks on this base level, and which dwells in what is called society—itsself a guild too weak in morals and too deficient in right feeling to expel the cancerous element from its midst!

And—

Men of the self-soul like Miller Baskins are liable to speedy collapse, and only the bracing breezes of freedom can supply their gelatinous system with firmness and vigour of a manly independence. Blow, breezes, blow!

The authors are quite as much at home in their rural scenes as in the robust English their villagers use; and the folklore of their district loses none of its quaint charm in the way in which it is retailed; but they are hopelessly at sea—indeed, they are entirely ignorant of the ways and habits of the young man of the period. The niece is a nice girl, like a gipsy, but amiable and religious. She is generally mentioned as "this fair young girl." She lives with "Old Crusty," who is a unique and forcible character, and she is loved by a young carpenter, who is an exceedingly trying person. Some wicked men imagine her to be an heiress; one of them personates her dead father, and pretends to be an escaped convict in danger of being caught. He dons attire and a disguise calculated to make simple people believe that she is in the habit of meeting a bad young aristocrat, and he threatens to stab her if she betrays him. Then "It was a sad thing she did; but more than a dozen out of every twenty would have done the same." So she continues to meet him, until the secrecy preys so much upon her nerves that her whole character alters, and she finally endeavours to commit suicide. During this comedy she is watched over and suspected by another uncle—a rich one—who "plays Providence in disguise," but who ultimately acknowledges, enriches, and marries her to her carpenter. The rich uncle is quite an amiable person; but the account of his life in the Bush has a rather second-hand effect. There is a rare quaintness about the author's laudable aversion to swearing. Most of the characters "stake their lives" a good deal, evidently their largest permissible oath; and, from the realistic description of the drunkenness of young Towneley,

* *Old Crusty's Niece*. By J. Jackson Wray and T. Jackson Wray. 1 vol. London: Nisbet & Co.

An Unruly Spirit. By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

Louis Draycott. By Mrs. R. S. De Courcy Laffan (Mrs. Leith Adams). 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim.

Dead Stripes. By J. Carmichael. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Lim.

A March in the Ranks. By Jessie Fothergill. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

Strange Gods. By Constance Cotterell. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons.

we should judge that the latter vice is more prevalent in their village than the former. They sometimes hit upon a truism, such as—"There's mair sense in a collie dog than in a' the pundits of a University! Phrenology and phaeisognomy are just fules to 'em at estimatin' character. Dog-onomy, mair especially collie-onomy, can read human natur' like a buik. Them doggies o' mine can smell a rogue across a fifty-acre field, and seem to snuff the scent o' a honest man wi' as muckle gratification as bees among peas blossom." In the kindest possible way they insist that the reader shall lose none of their favourite quotations, and sometimes we suspect them of turning a verse for themselves. Although the reverend gentlemen have not pointed any definite moral, we must own that the book is pervaded with a deeply moral religious tone, which we feel convinced will greatly interest all their friends, even if it does not the world at large.

In *An Unruly Spirit* Mrs. Gowing has ambitiously endeavoured to produce a compendium of her favourite knowledge; but as that knowledge is of a greater width than depth, she has not succeeded in making her book too probable. A high-flown beginning, consisting of breathless sentences which contradict themselves, introduces two children and a "Corinthian stone" which stood "like a lost word cast astray upon many seas and lands, dividing it from its place and sense amidst a poem in stone." The boy of fourteen gives much paternal and impossible advice to the girl of twelve, and apparently they are destined for each other. The boy has a father, meant by the author for a model of all that is upright and manly, but who is only an ordinary individual, whose religious theories are as mixed as his political opinions. The girl has a mother—a widow, a coarse-minded virago, who marries an early love, Lord Carrenmore, whom she had entirely forgotten, "but who called one afternoon in pink and stayed two hours." This gentleman had been turned out of the army—two out of the three military gentlemen in the book had suffered the same distinction. He borrows the virago's money and buys land in the West of Ireland. There they lead a singular life, one entirely evolved from a wild dream of the writer's, and one which would amuse and instruct the people of that district. The amount of erroneous information supplied is really marvellous; but if Mrs. Gowing's sole idea was to bring ridicule upon Ireland and the Irish, she has defeated her own end by extravagance. The author certainly has courage; she tackles every different kind of sport, and gives information about farming, fighting, and Fenianism; her experience of horses, although not less than upon other subjects, is very, very curious. Fenianism and "head centres" serve to introduce, in the middle of the second volume, a vicious young woman, Mrs. Calverly—"a Venus draped by an army tailor," with "filbert-shaped teeth"—a lady who wears "underclothes suitable for any emergency," and about whose morals the author is all too frank, and who is finally dynastied in a club in Pall Mall. The typical Irish lady, Lady Carrenmore, accuses Squire Penrice of "chousing her out of her daughter and her five thousand pounds," and the gentleman "slams the door in her face." The Irish spoken is almost as curious as the English; people are "boulded in the house by the wet," and they go to England to "recreate" themselves.

We turn with pleasure to the good writing and purity of purpose portrayed in *Louis Draycott*. There is a tender spell woven round its commonplaces which should cause it to rank many degrees above the ordinary novel. It is written in simple, graceful language, and its unforced interest and pathetic story convey their own charm. The style is peculiarly the author's own, and based upon a clear knowledge of her subject, together with a happy method of expression; it is decidedly an attractive one. Thoroughly imbued with Shakspeare, she has judiciously, to a certain extent, allowed him to influence her diction; but this is never obtrusively evident. The part of the story "told by Candace Birt" has seldom been equalled for freshness of style. Candace herself is an old maid of the most delightful type—a lady of the best school of manners, polite, thoughtful, religious, and humorous—who undertakes the care of her brother's daughter and his four stepsons. This family is a singularly happy one. When they have grown up Louis Draycott, a prison chaplain, is introduced into it; but his account of himself must be read. The scene where the four boys are discovered watching by their new and motherless sister has real pathetic beauty. The prison is powerfully and graphically described. There is a pervading air of wholesomeness about each character which colours all the action. It may possibly be considered that the "journal" is referred to too often, also that the interpolated scene in Ireland, although beautiful, was irrelevant; but these are slight faults. Mr. Candytuft was evidently drawn from life, and Louis Draycott and Margaret are models of straightforward rectitude; their history is interesting, and must be read to be admired. We can heartily commend the book.

The author of *Dead Stripes*, although unfortunate in his title, appears to have a great sympathy with, and a strong affection for, the working classes. He makes his feelings evident in every line with an earnestness which makes his sentiments well worth reading and pondering over. It is to be regretted that his story is not quite equal to his excellent writing, or to his good motives; still, on the whole, the writer deserves encouragement; he is beginning where most writers leave off; therefore, with a dramatic plot, his next work should be a superior one. Frances Chetwynd, a young, well-born girl, falls in love with an athletic manufacturer, named Heathcote, who has saved her brother's

life; she tries to make him reciprocate her affection by endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of his workpeople. Her attempts are not successful, for he loves one of his mill-hands, and her concerts and libraries are failures. The mill-hand, a lovely girl, sensibly prefers a workman of her own class of life; and, as she imagines her master's motives to be "strictly dishonourable," she is generally rude and sullen with him. The small complications of the story arise from the jealousy of the male mill-hand "George," who is an ignorant Radical, bubbling over with ridiculous dogmas. James Heathcote's intentions were honest—much to the disgust of his friends—though they were frustrated by his sister intercepting a letter meant for "Liz." The writer knows a great deal about the Black or Mill Country; the technicalities of the workings are all well described; but he idealizes the moral status of the workers when he says they would feel dismay at "Liz's" conduct, for they would not, however suspicious it may have appeared or been. Most of the characters are ably and vigorously drawn, notably "Liz's" foster-mother and Trevor Forde; the latter is gentle and learned enough, though his sentiments are occasionally misty, to make us sorry that Frances did not prefer him to the thick-headed James. Frances is so remarkably fine a creation that she might be used again in another work with greater effect. Her death by a shot from poachers, in order to bring the humble lovers together, is hurried and unnatural. But, in spite of these small faults, we shall look forward to another book from the same pen with much interest.

In *A March in the Ranks* the author has managed to convey the impression that she has hurriedly and carelessly used up some old materials—possibly work done prior to *The First Violin* and *Probation*—and the result is not a happy one, for this book is much below those two in value. With some good writing, and a very fair plot, there is a decided lack of symmetry in the construction, and a general air of crude unfinishedness. The scenes at the hydropathic establishment are smartly written; but the reformation she so much desires to bring about is not clearly defined, nor is it carried out. It argues a lack of invention and a feebleness of enterprise when the American element supplies the whole of the relief and lightness in a story. Hilda Noble is a high-school girl, who passes everything triumphantly, and at length becomes the directress of a college. She falls in love with a married man the moment she sees him. Miss Fothergill is hard upon learned maidens; she certainly infers that the young woman devoted to study is more likely to lose her heart to the first man who interests her, whether he be married or single, than her less gifted and more practical sister would be. This married man is quite an amiably selfish one, who trades upon a disease of the heart to enable him to carry out his whims; he even manages attacks of angina pectoris whenever he declares his love to Hilda. After some struggles, the young woman conquers, and returns to her school; the man dies of his complaint; and she marries an inoffensive American. That "*Miss Alison*" is not the pleasantly original person she was intended to be is entirely the author's own fault; over-elaboration has only accentuated *Alison's* angles and perversicacy. Letty Noble, Barraas, and the common little wife of the heart-diseased person, are each real and solid personages. Godfrey, after promising well, tapers off into nothingness; and the American lady, although sprightly, is unnecessary. With a very little care this book might have equalled the author's preceding ones; with hurried work, and a misdirected attempt at a new style, we feel that she has not done herself justice.

There is no style so tiresome to the ordinary reader as the one in which an author opens his story with a few brilliant sentences, only to immediately plunge back into "two years before." This fault is less objectionable in *Strange Gods* than in many other books, for the tale is written with so much brightness and originality that its earlier errors are soon forgotten in the interest of the plot. Without attempting to follow or even to understand all the modernized classicities, we admire the extent of the wanderings in those well-trodden paths, and feel sure they will please, even if they do not edify, many readers. The diction throughout is extremely spirited, and the story is treated in an entirely new and unconventional manner; it is evidently a careful depiction of persons we may never have met, and places we do not know, but which are nevertheless natural and lifelike. There is a surprisingly new charm about the heroine, which is not altogether an unmixed pleasure, but which adds greatly to the freshness of the book. The hero is also a departure from the beaten track, and the two young country cousins are originals. Janet Minors is a beautiful young girl of seventeen, who has been brought up anyhow, knowing no care or restraint, has been very ill educated, and managed to shock everybody, although still adored by them. The two cousins worship her, and propose to her daily; but an elderly scholar, her father's college friend, arrives, and she innocently falls in love with him. He, Tristram, is interested by her fearless lack of knowledge, and attempts to train her. He initiates her into the mysteries which surrounded the worship of the old gods, and he stores her mind with legends calculated to shake the small amount of faith she possessed. Time passes, and on the day when she should have wedded her cousin, she runs away from home, straight to Tristram's rooms. He is surprised, but marries her immediately, and they go to live in Germany, where she finds she is not his equal in mind or education, presents him with a daughter, and dies. The book contains a new and delightful individuality in Janet Minors; she is so charming, that her erratic deeds pass unnoticed, at

all events uncondemned, and it is even possible to forgive her unfilial behaviour to her selfish old father. Blase Chetwynd is a fine, frank personage, but it was just as well he did not marry the heroine. The curate is cleverly and powerfully conceived; his stilted puritanism is in good contrast with the author's own broad views. The German quotations are not always *à propos*, and the spelling of classical names is a little irritating; still Miss Cotterell has managed to clothe her erudition in an agreeable form, and she has produced a book which is a light and fresh and spirited one.

YEAR BOOKS.*

STUDENTS of legal antiquities will welcome this addition to the Year Books of the Rolls series, which, as far as text, translation, and indexes are concerned, seems to leave nothing to be desired. The present volume includes the Reports of Michaelmas Term, 1340, and Hilary Term, 1341, the fourteenth and fifteenth years of Edward III., and contains several important cases of purely legal interest, to some of which the editor, Mr. L. O. Pike, calls attention in his introduction. With the exception of the case of Willoughby, late Chief Justice, to which we shall refer presently, we have found but few notices of matters of a kind to reward the lay reader. Mr. Pike, however, has devoted a large part of his introduction to the constitutional aspect of the years to which his Reports belong, and deals at length with some notable events rather remotely connected with his text. His reason for adopting this course is, that he believes that the years 1340 and 1341, memorable as they are, "have not attracted the special notice of historians." Our own experience is different, and leads us to imagine that his acquaintance with the works of English historians is as small as must be his opinion of the perspicacity of their authors. In his enumeration of the taxes of 1340 he should not have omitted to mention the subsidy levied on those who neither had wool nor lived in towns, and should have noted the amount of the custom. One of the concessions made in return for these grants was the abolition of the Presentment of Englishry. The long footnote on the passage relating to the Presentment in the *Dialogus de Scaccario* seems to detect an obscurity, to offer an elucidation, and to point to a still remaining difficulty, only to be solved by supposing a corruption of the text. We confess that we are left behind; we always thought, and, in spite of Mr. Pike's ingenuity, still think, that the passage is plain enough. He refers to a curious case in the Reports in which an action was brought against certain collectors of revenue for carrying off the amount of wool due to the Crown twice over, but should have noted that the case did not arise out of the collection of the grants of 1340, when the King got the ninth fleece, but that it refers, as is obvious from the words "la moite de leynes," to the grant of 1338. The severe measures which Edward took with some of his judges and other officers on his sudden return from Flanders on the 30th of November are illustrated by the report of the proceedings against Sir Richard Willoughby, formerly Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Willoughby was brought before a Court sitting in virtue of a particular writ of Oyer and Terminer, and including at least one who was not learned in the law; for many of the chief men of the kingdom are named in the commissions issued for trying the judges. In reference to this matter Mr. Pike gives us an instructive disquisition on the difference between general and special Courts of Oyer and Terminer. Willoughby's trial presents several noteworthy points. He was arraigned on the "clamour of the people," a convenient device when a bit of oppression was to be carried out, and was charged with having sold the laws "com boefe ou vache." Among other particular charges, it was alleged that he had taken beasts and other gifts from persons indicted in the county of Lancaster in consideration of not including the indictors in the jury summoned to try them, though he had promised the indictors "that no deliverance should be made without them." He admitted that the indictors should have formed part of the jury, though he pleaded first that the composition of the jury belonged to the sheriff; and, secondly, that in any case there was no evidence of "malice" on the part of the judge, and denied that he took anything, adding that it was "the custom for the Justice to go to the indictors to encourage and inform them." The report throws a valuable light on the method of trial by jury in the fourteenth century. A long notice is given of the dispute between the King and Archbishop Stratford which has nothing to do with the text. Surely Mr. Pike does not imagine that this incident has been neglected by historians. His treatment of it is peculiar; for it would lead the uninformed reader to believe that the King was in the right throughout, that he gained a victory, and that the Archbishop's pretensions were unwarranted and unsuccessful. As he seems to have missed the constitutional importance of the struggle, which established that peers of the land should not be arraigned nor put on trial except before their peers in Parliament, he can scarcely have referred to many historians, and certainly, we should think, neither to Jeremy Collier, Hallam, nor Bishop Stubbs. Not a word is said about the shabby conduct of Edward in in-

stigating the merchants of Louvain to demand the body of the Archbishop for a debt incurred by him as the King's surety, or of his repeated attempts to prevent Stratford from defending himself in Parliament, and to compel his attendance at the Exchequer. It is, of course, quite true that Stratford refused "the trial of any secular judge whatever"—does Mr. Pike think that it would have become an Archbishop of Canterbury to plead to the charge which the King wished to bring against him before Parning J. or Sharshulle J. P.—but it is misleading to tell us this without adding that at the same time he offered to answer before the prelates and temporal lords. Mr. Pike writes as though this point was first raised when the King and the Archbishop were reconciled. In this dispute Edward, whose conduct is rather inappropriately described here as firm, took up an unjustifiable position, sought to strengthen it by false accusations, vituperation, violence, and other discreditable expedients, and was finally beaten by the Archbishop, whose cause was recognized by the peers as involving the interests of their order. Another matter which Mr. Pike appears to us either to misapprehend, or at least to treat in such a manner as may well lead his readers astray, is the action of the justices with reference to the revocation of the King's assent to the statutes of 1341. In editing other volumes of Year Books he would, we think, do well to confine his comments to such legal questions as may be presented by his text.

TWO BOOKS ON THE HOLY LAND.*

PALESTINE under the Moslems is, in the author's words, intended "to render the mass of interesting information about Palestine, which lies buried in the Arabic texts of the Moslem geographers and travellers of the middle ages, available to the English reader. These provinces of the Byzantine Empire," Mr. le Strange reminds us, "were conquered by the Arab hordes within a few years of the death of Muhammad, and, except for the interruption caused by the occupation of the Holy Land by the Crusaders, the country has remained under the rule of the Moslems down to the present day." Indeed, before the loss of the Danubian Provinces the boundaries of the Turkish Empire corresponded with singular closeness to those of Justinian's. With the Moslems, as with the Christians, Jerusalem was a holy city. Mecca, perhaps, may be said to hold a place in the Moslem world somewhat analogous to that of Rome in the Christian one, but Jerusalem is claimed by Christians and Moslems alike as their Holy City, although they each hold it sacred on different grounds. Like the American traveller, when shown the column which projects from the wall of Jerusalem, whereon Muhammad will sit when he comes to Jerusalem to judge the world, we may be inclined to mutter a wish that he would judge the world "from some roost of his own at Mecca," and not interfere with our holy places; but we cannot alter the fact, and it is strange that the Crusading spirit of Chauvinist ignorance should have kept us so long from inquiring what the writings of those whom our ancestors called "foul heathen Paynim Saracens" could tell us about the land and the city which possess such deep interest for us. To quote Mukaddasi (A.D. 985):—

The Kâdi Abu'l Kâsim, son of the Kâdi of the two Holy Cities of Makkah and Al Madinah, enquired of me once concerning the climate of Jerusalem. I answered: "It is betwixt and between—neither very hot nor very cold." Said he in reply: "Just as is that of Paradise." The buildings of the Holy City are of stone, and you will find nowhere finer or more solid construction. Provisions are most excellent here; the markets are clean, the Mosque is of the largest, and nowhere are Holy Places more numerous. The grapes are enormous, and there are no quinces to equal those of the Holy City. In Jerusalem are all manner of learned men and doctors, and for this reason the heart of every man of intelligence yearns towards her. As to the saying that Jerusalem is the most illustrious of cities—is she not the one that unites the advantages of This World with those of the Next? He who is of the sons of This World, and yet is ardent in the matters of the Next, may find there a market for his wares; while he who would be of men of the Next World, though his soul clings to the good things of This, he, too, may find them here! Further, Jerusalem is the pleasantest of places in the matter of climate. . . . And as to her being the finest city, why, has any one seen elsewhere buildings finer or cleaner, or a Mosque that is more beautiful? . . . Allah—may he be exalted!—has gathered together here all the fruits of the lowlands and of the plains, and of the hill country, even all those of the most opposite kinds: such as the orange and the almond, the date and the nut, the fig and the banana, besides milk in plenty, and honey and sugar. And as to the excellence of the City! Why, is not this to be the place of marshalling on the Day of Judgment? Verily Makkah and Al Madinah have their superiority by reason of the Ka'abah and the Prophet—the blessing of Allah be upon him and his family!—but, in truth, on the Day of Judgment both cities will come to Jerusalem, and the excellencies of them all will then be united.

So, also, Ibn 'Abd Rabbih, writing in 913:—

On the Day of Resurrection Paradise will be brought as a bride to the Holy City, and the Ka'abah also shall come thither with her. So that men will exclaim, "All hail to those who come as pilgrims! and all hail to her to whom pilgrimage is made!" And the Black Stone shall be brought, in bridal procession, and the Black Stone on that day shall be greater in size than the Hill of Abu Kubais.

Mr. le Strange prefaces his singularly clear, painstaking, and

* *Palestine under the Moslems: a Description of Syria and the Holy Land, from A.D. 650 to 1500.* Translated from the Works of the Medieval Arab Geographers, by Guy le Strange. With Maps and Illustrations. London: published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, by A. P. Watt. 1890.

* *Northern 'Ajlûn, "Within the Decapolis."* By Gottlieb Schumacher, C.E. London: published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, by A. P. Watt. 1890.

* *Year-books in the Reign of King Edward the Third.* Years XIV. and XV. Edited and Translated by Luke Owen Pike, of Brasenose College, Oxford, M.A., and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1889.

intelligible account of the "Noble Sanctuary," and the interesting buildings in it, by a description of "the main characteristics of the primitive Arab Mosque," taking as his typical example the Jami of Ibn Tulûn, the oldest mosque in Cairo, which was built about the year 874. His authorities throw but little light on that bone of contention among architects and antiquaries, the Aksâ Mosque, which is thought to be the church built by Justinian in honour of the Virgin, the floor of which was partly supported by vaulted substructures on the side of a hill. Mr. le Strange gives an illustration (from Baedeker) of the front of this venerable building, which, with all its associations with the Templars and Saladin, looks, but for its Oriental parapet, singularly like the west front of some Norman cathedral. The Latin conquerors of Jerusalem considered the Aksâ Mosque to hold a very secondary place (while the "Dome of the Rock" in their eyes was the true *Templum Domini*); hence the Knights Templars had no compunction in remodelling probably the whole building when they turned the Aksâ into a church for their order, and established their main guard and armoury in the outlying quarters of the Great Mosque.

If the accounts of the chroniclers give us but little help towards understanding the early architectural history of the Aksâ Mosque, they afford, on the other hand, such detailed descriptions, from the earliest times, of the beautiful building called the "Dome of the Rock" that Mr. le Strange is able to "affirm, almost certainly, that the edifice as it now stands in the nineteenth century is (in regard to ground plan and elevation) substantially identical with that which the Khalif 'Abd al Malik erected in the year 691 (A.H. 72)." He quotes a passage from one of the earliest of the Moslem historians, Ya'kûbi, which, as he says, "is sufficient of itself to disprove the theory so skillfully argued by the late Mr. Fergusson, of which the cardinal idea was that this Dome of the Rock (and not the Church of the Sepulchre) represents and stands in the place of the Great Church erected by Constantine over our Lord's tomb." This theory, although it still appears in the article *Jerusalem*, written by Mr. Fergusson for Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," appears now to be generally abandoned. The reasons which led 'Abd al Malik to build the Dome over the Rock, in order to rival the churches built by the Christians throughout the land of Syria, may now be read in our own language for the first time, though the late Professor E. H. Palmer some years ago explained the famous Cufic inscription in blue tiles, with the forged insertion of Al Mamûn's name in the place of that of 'Abd al Malik:—

Holding this building to be the veritable Temple of the Lord [Mr. le Strange tells us] the Knights Templars, into whose hands it passed when the Crusaders took Jerusalem, emblazoned its figure upon their armorial bearings, and in both plan and elevation the edifice came to be reproduced by the Templars in the various Temple churches which the Order caused to be built in London, Metz, Laon, and other cities throughout Europe. In Raphael's famous picture of the *Spasmodic*, preserved in the Brera Gallery at Milan, the Spouses of the Virgin are represented as taking place before the Gate of the Temple, which Temple is a fairly exact representation of the polygon of the Dome of the Rock.

There is much interesting information about Damascus, Acre, Aleppo, and other provincial capitals of Syria to be found in Mr. le Strange's book, besides a most valuable "Alphabetical List of Places in Palestine and Syria," in Arabic and English. The author modestly remarks that his work has been to translate, not to theorize, and expresses a hope that "others may be able to build from the bricks I have thus fashioned," and that new information may be gathered to supplement that which is found in these pages. The work ought, we think, to be read together with Messrs. Besant and Palmer's *Jerusalem; the City of Herod and Saladin*, and it is written throughout with a sort of loving care which proves how thoroughly the author has felt the fascination of his subject.

Northern Ajlûn, "*Within the Decapolis*" is one of the excellent publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and deals with a little-known but most curious and interesting region. As our readers' remembrance of their school-geography lessons may in some cases have grown faint, we take the liberty of reminding them that the "Decapolis," or League of Ten Cities, was established to resist the oppressions of the Maccabees. The capital city of the League was Bethshan, the place to which the Philistines brought the body of Saul after the battle in Gilboa, and fastened it to the wall. Bethshan is on the western side of Jordan, but all the other nine cities forming the League were on the eastern side; they were Capotias, Canatha, Abila, Hippos, Gadara, Pella, Dium, Gerasa, and Philadelphia. The whole of these belonged to the Kingdom of Israel prior to the Captivity, but were subsequently reckoned to Syria; the Romans included them in their province of Coele-Syria, and though they gave Herod some of them, yet upon his death these were withheld from his heirs. They now form a subordinate district of the Turkish province of Hauran, a name derived from Auranitis, the classical appellation of the mountainous region beyond and about Bosrah.

To come to particulars, the region described in this memoir covers an area of about 220 square miles, and lies on the further side of the Sea of Tiberias and the upper part of the Jordan as it issues thence. One of the cities of the "Decapolis," Gadara, is familiar to us from the miracle of the herd of swine; of the others little more than the names are known, even to geographers. But few, nowadays, are aware that Gadara in Roman times was a gay pleasure resort, frequented by the Romans after they had enjoyed the restorative effects of the hot baths of

Amatha (El Hammi). The remains of two theatres, magnificently built of hewn stone, prove that the metropolis of Peraea was a place of no small consequence and attractions. Josephus speaks of it as "a place of strength, containing many rich citizens," and in his third Book of the Wars (ch. vii, § 1) he tells us that "villas and small cities lay round about Gadara." In the preceding age Alexander Jannæus took the city after a siege of ten months. Pompey rebuilt Gadara, because his freedman Demetrius was born there. The city in later times became the residence of one of the Bishops of Palestina Secunda. At the present day the rider has to pick his way among heaps of *débris*, consisting of great building stones and fragments of columns, capitals, and shafts, which have rolled down from the ruins above. On part of the ancient site, miserable huts have been erected by the settlers, while others have made themselves abodes in the numerous caves in the Wady bank. Almost the same words will describe Capotias, once a city, now a desolate ruin in which the few modern peasants live like mites in a cheese.

Yet one important feature of Northern 'Ajlûn distinguishes it favourably from the better-known parts of Palestine, and also from the Hauran plateau to the east—namely, its abundant oak-forests. We are so accustomed to think of Syria and Palestine as they have been described by traveller after traveller—a dry, sandy, gravelly region with only a sparse and stunted vegetation—that it is a pleasant surprise to read of a country

thickly covered with forests of the stone-oak. . . . The trees, although of the same species, are in their growth far superior to the oaks of Western Palestine, or even of Northern Jaulân. The small number of the inhabitants of the country, and the scantiness of the flocks and herds, have up to the present time preserved undisturbed this fine growth of forest, which is hardly to be matched in any other part of Palestine; and it is to be hoped that civilization, which is now making steady progress in 'Ajlûn, will not cause the destruction of these ancient trees.

The architectural details found among the very extensive ruins of buildings of the Roman period are carefully drawn; there is a copious topographical index; and altogether we have to thank Mr. Schumacher for an important addition to our knowledge of what has long remained a *terra incognita*.

BOOKS ON THE MEMORY.*

FROM the fifth century B.C. the human race has suffered under systems of mnemonics. Simonides unconsciously began them by having a good memory himself. He once identified a number of dead bodies, because he recollected where they had sat when alive at a feast before the falling down of the banqueting-room. Thereupon people hoped to help their own memories by fixing places in the mind in a certain order, and making arbitrary associations with them. Out of this seed of dragon's teeth armies of systems have arisen, and fought and destroyed one another. Simonides had a personal interest in that feast, of which he was the sole survivor. This vital aid to memory has not been acknowledged, except in school rewards and punishments; yet it might be utilized for adults, if we consider what astonishing powers the selfish exhibit in recollecting everything relating to their own comfort and convenience, their ailments and their desires, together with the shortcomings of the rest of the world towards them. Naturally credulous of good, the long-suffering public has not yet profited by many teachers of memory, even enough to recollect that the methods have generally proved useless.

Mr. John Barter now undertakes to show us how to acquire a wonderful memory, and how to learn languages, ancient and modern, with ease and pleasure. The beguiling title further promises to teach the reader how to learn any book at one reading. If all these fine things were true, a violent stop would be put to education and to the book-trade. In about a year sufficient knowledge would be acquired to last a lifetime. No boy with self-respect would go to school after that one year. Nor would he afterwards dare to read a book for fear of learning it by heart before he knew where he was. Mr. Barter is hard upon his predecessors, demolishes M. Loissette, and borrows some passages from Hartley without acknowledgment. But his system fulfils one thing promised. It undoubtedly gives much pleasure. French must be charming when taught as follows. *Chapeau* means a hat; but we require to find a "prompter" or English sound like unto the French sound before we proceed further. "Chap, oh!" is the prompter selected. Then we make use of "the principle of association," and "imagine a small boy wearing a tall hat, and wonder." After getting this extraneous matter into the mind, the memory is supposed to be so much strengthened that the learner shall never forget this unique French word. For Latin we have the example *arbor*, tree; "prompter," arbour. Greek and German are judiciously avoided. For the acquisition of dates, certain letters stand for numbers, out of which words must be made. As, for example, Egbert was king in 827. We take the first part of his name as a prompter, and the date being represented by R D Y, we are told to think "my egg is ready."

It is necessary at times to commit to memory sermons and speeches, or poetry. Although it is acknowledged that poetry is much the easiest to recollect on account of the assistance of the

* *A Wonderful Memory*, &c. By John Barter, F.S.Sc., Writing Master in University College School. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

How to Improve, Strengthen, and Help the Memory. By Charles Hartley, Professor of Elocution and Oratory. London: F. Pitman.

rhymes, the inventor is glad to help us to learn a few lines of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" in an indelible manner:—

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream.

He first imagines a room divided into nine parts, each part called by a name—1. Bee; 2. Tea; and so on. Proceeding next to pick out what he considers the most suggestive words in each line, he imagines them put into the little divisions already stamped upon the mind. Take Mournful Numbers and add them to Bee. The "association" requires the author's own words:—"I imagine that the bees have lost their store of honey, and that now they rove about in *mournful numbers*." The next line is still better. Life and Dream have to be associated with "Tea." "A good cup of tea gives pleasant dreams, and so helps to enjoy life." This would do for an advertisement on new pure tea at one and eightpence a pound, to counteract the widespread belief that tea keeps people awake.

One practical hint on how not to forget an umbrella is given. After suggesting we should tie a bit of cotton round our finger before starting on a journey, which savours somewhat of a charm, we are strongly advised to hold the umbrella in the hand all the time. Nothing could be simpler. Only there is no rule how to remember not to forget that we must recollect that we have left hold of the handle without thinking. The habitually forgetful man is not aware whether he has hold of his umbrella or not. Nor does he miss his hat or his glove, which he is solicited to place by his handbag in the rack of the railway carriage. A little automatic remembrancer ought to be patented, embodying the use of the phonograph, and placed in every carriage department. The stopping of the train should cause the phonograph to say distinctly "Where is my umbrella?" Other slides, saying "Where is my hat? handbag? Bradshaw? rug?" &c., in several languages, like the time-honoured Ollendorf, might be added from time to time.

This system of mnemonics has the usual fault of overburdening the mind and imagination as well as the saddened memory of the learner. There is no use in trying to create memory. The only chance lies in carefully using what little we may have got by nature. Mr. Charles Hartley's pamphlet, *How to Improve, Strengthen, and Help the Memory*, is full of common sense on the subject, besides affording a glance at other methods. His golden rule is the cultivation of the attention, without which the mind falls into mere disconnected reveries. But the oblivious may comfort themselves that from the time of the ancients onwards there have always been found some men endowed with such far too excellent memories that no system that did not also include the art of forgetting could find favour with them.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

THE Duke of Rutland (whom it is so difficult not to call, as this generation and the last have known him for some half-century, Lord John Manners) has done very well in making public the correspondence between his grandfather, the fourth Duke, who was Viceroy of Ireland, and William Pitt the younger; a correspondence prepared for press forty years ago, by Lord Stanhope, and printed, but not published. The fourth Duke of Rutland was in more ways than one an interesting person. As quite a young man he gave up the traditional Whig politics of his house, and attached himself ardently to Pitt. It was he who, at the recommendation of Burke and Thurlow, took the poet Crabbe, then a decidedly unlicked cub, into his household at Belvoir; endured his bad temper, talked poetry with him, and endowed him with livings. In taking the Lord-Lieutenancy he made rather more than the usual sacrifice which so many English noblemen have cheerfully made to their country, of home interests, amusements, and business, for a position the very splendour of which is but secondhand, while it is costly and uncomfortable to a degree, and brings with it but little hope of success, no small chance of disaster, and a certainty of ingratitude and unpopularity during office. Duke Charles took it at a time perhaps the most trying of all, when the newly-enfranchised "Grattan Parliament" was puffed up by its success, and when Irish patriotism was good enough to show once for all, to all persons of sense, that Home Rule for Ireland is unworkable. He was more especially charged with the task—impossible as it

turned out—of getting this Parliament to accept Pitt's extremely liberal proposals for the regulation of the commercial relations between the kingdoms; proposals which were rejected owing to the intrigues of Grattan, and the rejection of which had more perhaps than even the French Revolution and its consequences to do with persuading Pitt that nothing but Union *sans phrase* would do. The Duke, as we see from these letters, came to that conclusion himself very early and quite independently; but he did not live to see the day, dying in the thirty-fourth year of his age and the fifth of his viceroyalty. The correspondence between these two "blackguards," as our Separatists would call them, is exceedingly interesting and instructive. The pair were on the terms not merely of Prime Minister and Lord-Lieutenant (the latter, it must be remembered, then a more important and independent person than now), but of intimate personal friends. Moreover, most of the letters were strictly private, and a great many of them "secret"; so that, unless the correspondents had been fools as well as hypocrites, there was not the slightest inducement of any kind for either to conceal his real sentiments or dress them up in pretty phrases. Yet the whole correspondence breathes on either side the sincerest desire to make Ireland prosperous and, as far as possible, contented. A few phrases here and there about "providing" for one person or another, about my Lord This's "interest" and Mr. That's "claims," may shock purists to-day; but reasonable folk will know that everybody, Whigs and Tories, patriots and placemen, took the same view of the loaves and fishes then. Otherwise, though there is less cant than in some modern discussions of the subject, no modern, be his politics what they may, could exhibit sincerer or more intelligent well-wishing towards the country under his rule. Which being so, a brief cento of extract may be useful, and will certainly require no comment, though we hope it will be "for thoughts" to the reader:—

RUTLAND.—Were I to indulge a distant speculation, I should say that without an union Ireland will not be connected with Great Britain in twenty years longer.

RUTLAND.—The system of palliations and temporizing expedients can never be conducive to any solid and permanent purpose. A government whose schemes extend no further than the exigencies of the day cannot expect any decisive good effects from its measures. Ireland has already been reduced to its present state of faction and confusion by the not daring to meet and oppose difficult questions in a manly and undaunted manner.

PITT.—I own to you the line to which my mind at present inclines (open to whatever new observations or arguments may be suggested to me) is, to give Ireland an almost unlimited communication of commercial advantages, if we can receive in return some security that her strength and riches will be our benefit, and that she will contribute from time to time in their increasing proportions to the common exigencies of the Empire.

PITT.—And when the experience of this fact has produced a little more wisdom in Ireland, I believe the time will yet come when we shall see all our views realized in both countries, and for the advantage of both. It may be sooner or later, as accident, or, perhaps (for some time), malice may direct, but it will be right at last.

RUTLAND.—But the arts which had been too successfully practised by a desperate and unprincipled faction have so disordered and besotted the understandings of the nation, and have so completely for the present destroyed their distinguishing faculty, that they are taught to call bitter sweet and sweet bitter.

RUTLAND.—THE PRINCIPLE THAT COMBINATIONS ARE TO COMPEL MEASURES MUST BE EXTERMINATED OUT OF THE COUNTRY AND FROM THE PUBLIC MIND; AT THE SAME TIME, THE COUNTRY MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO CONTINUE IN A STATE LITTLE LESS THAN WAR, WHEN A SUBSTANTIAL GRIEVANCE IS ALLEGED TO BE THE CAUSE.

It is very interesting to compare the work of these two blackguards with Mr. William O'Brien's contribution to Irish history. This contribution takes the form of a novel; but it would be unchivalrous to judge it as such. By going to Charles Lever's later works for his upper-class Irish society, and to Ouida—of course an even more unimpeachable authority—for the manners, customs, and speech of the English aristocracy, Mr. O'Brien has constructed, in the intervals of the rack and strappado administered by Mr. Balfour's minions, a very respectable *pastiche*-framework of fiction for his account of the eventual period which, twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, formed the Irish patriots of the present day. To comment much on petty shortcomings would itself be petty. True, lawn-tennis was not a very popular game before the Fenian outbreak. Mr. O'Brien is exceedingly fond of French, writing "soutane" for "cassock," "tutoying" without italics or inverted commas, and using that beautiful tongue of the frise with the fluency of the ardent tailor in *Alton Locke*. "Crosthwaite was always quoting French in those days," says Crosthwaite's biographer, at a time when that hero was in just such a frame of mind as Mr. O'Brien's. Still, the feminine of *mamelot*, to the best of our poor knowledge, as well as according to the late M. Littré (an authority of some weight), does not mean a "sailor's wife," but a stew, or else a dance. And, though we cannot suppose that Mr. O'Brien would have any respect for the feelings of a *Saturday Reviewer*, yet would we implore him, in the name of our common humanity (but alas! he may refuse to admit that; so let us say in the name of that loyalty to Her Majesty which we both so ardently profess, we for some five and thirty years, Mr. O'Brien for about as many months), not to write "Lafitte" with two *ts* when it is a wine. Indeed, indeed, there is only one. Still, we don't go to Mr. O'Brien for information on any of these points, but on the state of society, temper, education,

* Correspondence between Mr. Pitt and Charles, Duke of Rutland. Edited by the Duke of Rutland. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

When We were Boys. By W. O'Brien, M.P. London: Longmans & Co.

The Radical Cure for Ireland. Communicated by a Friend through Chichester's Ghost. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

Political Prisoners at Home and Abroad. By G. Sigerson, M.D. With Preface by J. Bryce, M.P. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Striking Events in Irish History. By C. F. Dowsett. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

Political Studies—Irish Politics. By T. Raleigh. London: Methuen & Co.

John Bull and his other Island. By A. Bennett. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Combination and Coercion. By the Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

A Handbook to the Report of the Special Commission. London: Arnold.

The Home Ruler's Manual. By R. Barry O'Brien. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

and so forth in the lower classes of Irishmen, which produced the present generation of Nationalists. That he professes to furnish; that he is undoubtedly qualified to furnish, if he likes; that we are ready to believe he has done his honest best to furnish. The result is a very little disappointing. The sketches of Irish country town life and thought, though not touched with genius, are probably accurate; that of the seminary of St. Fergal's is very likely accurate and also pretty new, for most literary Irishmen previously have either not known or avoided the subject. Otherwise we have been able to discover little novelty in Mr. O'Brien's presentation. The reckless, but by no means unkindly or ungenerous, absentee landlord; the scoundrelly agent; the usurer; the American captain; the sentimental Frenchification of Nationalist youth, and their tall talk; the informer; the silly young Englishman who becomes half a traitor for the sake of Irish eyes, all these we knew just as well before Mr. O'Brien described them—in what it would be a gross insult to a most respectable newspaper to call *Daily Telegraphese*, about "hot-blooded bullet hunts," "God-fearing double-barrels," and "Tricorné notes." The only historic gain we reap is evidence as to the concentrated and now sickening hatred—sickening to themselves, we mean—with which men like Mr. O'Brien regard those of their own countrymen, especially on the Bench and in the Roman priesthood, who are true to loyalty, Christianity, and justice. That is a gain in its way, and we are glad—as we said before—to register it beside the evidence as to the simply expressed and obviously unfeigned desire of the blackguard Pitt for the good of Ireland. As one good turn deserves another, we will give Mr. O'Brien a little historical lesson in return. He makes one of his characters, a good-natured English parson, suggest jocularly that "the only fault of the Irish people is that they did not cut our throats long ago." The suggestion is un'air to Mr. O'Brien's countrymen. To do them justice, they have been trying to do this very hard and all the time. They tried it over and over again under Plantagenets and Tudors before Elizabeth's days; they tried it in the Desmond rebellion, and with divers persons called O'Neil for leaders; they tried it in the sixteen-forties, and succeeded fairly as regards women, children, and other defenceless people; they tried it in 1688, in 1798, in 1848 (when, alas! they went out to cut throats, and did but cut a cabbage), and at the very time of Mr. O'Brien's story, when, as he tells us, American heroes came, saw—and ran away. But somehow or other, by some curious misfortune, by some wonderful unkindness of fate, the biters were always bit, and the cut-throats found solutions of continuity in their own gullets. So may it be again and again.

The *Radical Cure for Ireland* is a good book, but not altogether a wise one. "Chichester" (Sir Arthur of that name, well known in Irish history at the beginning of the seventeenth century) gave ghostly advice in a manner which owes a little to an older and greater contemporary of his, one Edmund Spenser, who knew more about Ireland than most men. The ghost advocates a new Plantation, which would be difficult to carry out, and abounds in denunciation of the Pope, who is, as it happens just now, a most respectable gentleman, and on the right side in Irish politics. This is a pity. That the Irish Roman Catholic clergy are now the worst ecclesiastical body in Europe, with hardly the exception of the ministers of some Welsh Nonconformist sects, and of those (if they have ministers) of the Russian Skoptchi, and suchlike folk, is probably true, though Chichester does not exactly say it. But the Roman Catholic Church, though we have no particular affection for it, is not responsible for this, and with a little more wisdom on the part of the English Government things would not have been so. There are disgraces to Christianity in all Churches. This fanaticism is a blot on the *Cure* which prevents us from praising it as we might.

We have a remarkably good memory—an excellent thing in reviewers. And, unless that memory is playing us unwonted tricks, there appeared not so very long ago a work tending strongly in the Home Rule direction, to which Dr. Sigerson and Mr. Bryce were both contributors, and in which we were told that the contributors were impartial, you know, quite impartial. We made some few remarks on this at the time. We have only to add now that it is well that Dr. Sigerson has thrown off the mask, and that it is brave, if not well, of Mr. Bryce to whisk it off and say "Voyez mon Sigerson! Home Ruler comme pas un! Cela se voit!" We need say no more about Dr. Sigerson.

The intentions of Mr. Dowsett, like those of the author of *The Radical Cure*, are excellent; his performance is not quite so good. In particular, he would have done more wisely to omit his sketch of ancient history and stick to his abstract of modern. Ancient history—by which we mean history before 1870—is all on the Unionist side; but neither it nor any other ancient history can be effectively summarized by a writer who, as Mr. Dowsett appears to do, knows it only from manuals.

Mr. Raleigh's little book of "heads," as old-fashioned divines would say, on Irish politics is avowedly written from the Unionist side, but entirely without passion or heat of advocacy, and in a manner likely to be extremely useful to any rare bird who has his mind clear on the subject, and wants to fill it up with ascertained facts and reasoned conclusions. If anything unfavourable must be said, we are not sure that Mr. Raleigh has done quite wisely to make a large digression on the subject of Imperial Federation, and it is possible that here and there he may be reproached with exhibiting that divine cocksureness, placid and ineffable, which is unattainable by man except between

the ages of five-and-twenty and forty, and then only if he be a don of Oxford or Cambridge. For ourselves we have no objection to this—rather the contrary—but it riles some people, we believe, terribly. And perhaps the last secret of life—the innermost writing in the innermost adytum—is that riling your fellow-creatures is, after all, not worth while.

The Irish pamphlet is always with us, and virtue demands that it should be noticed, though there is, as a rule, not much in it on whatever side it is written. Mr. Arthur Bennett's principles are exceedingly sound and his writing frequently pretty, nor is there any reason why the other side should have the description of their holidays in Ireland all to themselves. As for Mr. Shaw Lefevre's collections of his Irish newspaper letters, they remind us of the unfortunate person who had influenza in seventeen relapses. The fate of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's readers is as gruesome and as frequent. The *Handbook to the Special Commission*, which consists of a cento of the most telling passages of the Report, is a very different document from either of these and deserves to be well circulated. The *Home Ruler's Manual* is one of those odd results of Mr. Barry O'Brien's industry and honesty, any one of which is sufficient to make a reader, who is not a fool or a fanatic, an anti-Home Ruler at once. We have had, as fervent Unionists, some thought of setting up a political seminary in which the works of Mr. Barry O'Brien (with Mr. Shaw Lefevre as a treat on Sundays) should be alone read. But the result would be too awful. Pitchcapping and Sir Watkin's Volunteers would not be in it, when those seminarists were let loose on the authors of their woes and—a *rebour*—of their opinions.

BILLIARDS SIMPLIFIED.*

MANY billiard-players, who consider themselves fairly good in an average country-house game, would be astonished at being told that they had never made a break in their lives. And yet the author of the little handbook recently issued by Messrs. Burroughes & Watts is, no doubt, correct in saying that such is the case. He rightly considers that to play for a stroke and make it, and to do the same with several in succession, but to leave to chance the position of the balls at the finish of each stroke, is not making a break. In a real break the player should be able, before each stroke, to say not only what he is then going to play for, but also where he is going to leave the balls at the end of it. In other words, the criterion of really first-rate play consists in being able, time after time, to get the right position. In billiards, more perhaps than in most other games, practice makes perfect; but it is no good to practise unless you know what to practise; this it is that the author of Messrs. Burroughes & Watts's treatise undertakes to teach, as far as it is possible to do so by written explanations, illustrated by diagrams of actual play, in which the strokes were taken down at the time when they were made. The first thing to be mastered is a thorough knowledge of the meaning of the half-ball stroke, or position in which a cannon or losing hazard is easier than in any other. This is termed the natural angle, and the stroke is practically a certainty if you aim correctly. Beginners are far too fond of aiming at different parts of the object ball, according to the angle at which they wish to go off it. The writer of the handbook says that in nine cases out of ten—he is even inclined to say in ninety-nine out of a hundred—it is always necessary to aim at the same spot on the object ball, and that is its extreme edge. The first diagram is devoted to an explanation of the seeming paradox that, except in the one case of desiring to hit the ball dead straight, a player never hits the ball on the spot at which he aims; that it is, in fact, impossible. All long shots should be played so that the centre of the striker's ball is in a line with the outer edge of the object ball—for this reason, that one can never otherwise be sure of an absolutely true aim. It is also ascertained that at this angle a small variation in aim either way makes comparatively little difference in the direction which the ball takes after it has struck the other; that, in fact, a slight error will not prevent making the hazard or cannon; the margin of deviation is in favour of the player, not against him. The only exceptions to the half-ball stroke allowed by the writer of the handbook are when it is necessary to "run through" a ball or to cut a ball fine, and neither of these strokes should be attempted unless the balls are comparatively close together. To accustom the eye to judge accurately the proper angle for the half-ball stroke a little instrument called the "sighting angle" is recommended. Its use will enable a learner to spot his ball accurately every time; through ignorance as to the proper place for this an easy hazard is often made difficult, and a difficult one impossible. A beginner is advised to watch the result of playing for the hazard, first from the position chosen by himself for spotting his ball, and then from the place indicated by the sighting angle. Having acquired facility in spotting his ball correctly and in aiming correctly, he must then attend to the strength with which he plays, for on this depends the position of the object ball after the hazard, and, consequently, the certainty, or the reverse, of an easy stroke being left on the table. Another important thing pointed out by the book before us is that a cannon is easier than a hazard. Most people would, without reflection, probably think that the contrary was the case; the yawning mouth of a pocket looks so much easier to attain than

* *Billiards Simplified; or, How to Make Breaks.* Illustrated by Diagrams of actual Play. London: Burroughes & Watts.

the second ball. But that this is not so is apparent from the fact that, if you go anywhere within a diameter's distance of the ball on either side, you will still cannon; and, as a billiard-ball measures $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches in width, you have really a space of $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches at which to aim, instead of only $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in the case of an ordinary pocket. The reason why losing hazards are recommended, with a view to making a break, rather than cannons, which have been shown to be easier, is that in a cannon there are three balls and their position after the stroke to be taken into account; whereas in the case of a losing hazard there is only one—the object ball—to be considered, since the player knows that he will be able to place his own ball, within the limits of baulk, wherever it suits him best. Again, a losing hazard is recommended in preference to a winning one, because, as has been already pointed out, there is in the former a certain margin of surface in which the hitting of any part will ensure making the stroke; while a winning hazard can only be made by striking one particular point on the red ball.

It is not easy without diagrams to go further into the matter; but any one who desires to improve his game may safely be recommended to take *Billiards Simplified* in hand, and to play out the strokes there recommended time after time on a billiard-table. The book has no pretensions to being a comprehensive treatise on the game, but is only offered as a help to teach those who have some little knowledge of it how, by exercising thought, they may make a series of strokes, each leading up to the other. It is worth while to repeat what the author considers the fundamental maxim for this object. *On the easiest strokes bestow the greatest care*; for then it is that you have time to think how to leave another, which you cannot always afford to do in the case of a difficult stroke.

In addition to the rules for ordinary billiards, pyramids, and pool, rules are also given for shell-out and cork pool, forms of the game which will be often useful for a country-house party, and as to which considerable laxity of practice frequently prevails.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE noted briefly last week the singular relief with which the veteran M. Feuille's work stands out from its fellows. Perhaps it is necessary to be a critic (and whether, in a famous Wellerism, it is worth going through so much to get so little each must decide for himself) to feel, and certainly it is necessary to be a critic to understand, the deep and curious peace which comes upon some readers of *Honneur d'artiste* (1) after much reading of those fellows. We have never been disposed to put M. Feuille in the very first rank of novelists. Even here the old failings, with which he was years ago reproached, appear. The lapse, or collapse, of his heroine Béatrice is still as improbable in her character and circumstances (not necessarily in itself) as in some former cases. The suicide-duel, on which the catastrophe turns, is, of all forms of duel, the least sympathetic, to us at least, and the heroine forfeits much of an English reader's liking by deliberately marrying a man she does not love to free herself from an irksome position, though she knows all the time that she loves another man, who loves her. The story, however, though, as is usual with the author, it takes some time in gathering up interest, becomes absorbingly interesting as it goes on. The Marquis de Pierrepont, a rather impecunious nobleman, has a rich and detestable aunt, whose companion is one Béatrice de Sardon, herself noble and impecunious. The two love each other, and Pierrepont (practically for Béatrice's sake) rejects all the ingénues (how remarkably ingenuous some of them are an eavesdropping scene tells us) who are got together for him. The aunt, by cunning devices, makes it impossible for Béatrice to accept Pierrepont; and, as much for this reason as for anything else, she marries the painter, Jacques Fabrice. The hints we have given above will supply what further indication may be necessary, and we need say no more about details, except to mention and praise a very clever episode of satire on the form of fatuity which calls itself "fin de siècle." But the appeals of the book lie, first, in the contrast of its easy and craftsmanlike handling, its pure diction, its admirable grasp of normal and possible character, with the extravagance, the effort, the jargon, the striving after abnormality, which characterize most French novel-work now; and, secondly, in its wealth of pathos. In *La petite comtesse* and *Julia de Trécar* M. Feuille nearly a generation ago showed himself inferior to no man living in investing a woman's fate with tragic interest, and Béatrice worthily completes the trio.

Sainte-Beuve has been, since his death, so scandalously diserved by a certain person who ate his bread when he was alive, that a reader of good taste may be rather shy of M. Troubat (2), who was, however, himself not the offender in question. There is in this volume little or nothing to *effaroucher* the delicacy the most timid, the most indiscreet story telling how a lady once came to dine or lunch, we forget which, with Sainte-Beuve, and stared the "odalisque" (as she was pleased to call her) of the moment, not merely out of countenance, but out of the room. In fact, the general characteristic of the volume is triviality. It gives, however, a pleasant enough view both of Sainte-Beuve and

of the numerous other literary persons with whom M. Troubat was brought into contact, always excepting that very wearisome and bad-blooded pair the brothers Goncourt.

M. Jules Leclercq is a sufficiently agreeable writer of travels, and we remember reading his books on Iceland, on the Canaries, and so forth, with pleasure. His present volume on the Transcaspian possessions of Russia (3) is thinner both in material and literary substance. Since the opening of the railway this part of Central Asia has been worked very hard, and has completely lost what novel interest it possessed; while its political importance, though an inexhaustible subject, is not one for handling in a casual travel-book.

La Métromanie (4) is an old-established French play for school use, and of such it is of course permissible to make new editions from time to time. We have, however, seen better work by M. Delbos. For the life of us, we cannot see the use of such a note as "*ce bel-esprit sans pair*: this matchless wit," or as "*vous aurez beau dire*: it will be no use talking." And the introduction is equally thin. To remark that *La Métromanie* "is written in verses of six feet, or twelve syllables, known as *vers Alexandrins*," is odd enough; though, certainly, no one will contest the fact.

We regret that it is not possible for us to give more space to French works of philosophy, but in the case of what may be called specialist subjects a mere indication is of value to experts, who might otherwise be unaware of the appearance of the books, while few general readers would thank us for expatiating. M. Franck's (5) new volume consists of criticism, always competent and thorough, of divers recent French philosophical works, such as the late M. Guyau's *L'irréligion de l'avenir*, of the handlings of Victor Cousin by MM. Janet and Jules Simon, of M. Ludovic Carrau's *Philosophie religieuse en Angleterre*, of M. Vacherot's *Nouveau spiritualisme*, and so forth. M. Alfred Fouillée (6), an extremely industrious philosophical writer, handles his subject with a rather excessive amount of that discussion of what other people have said, which is, no doubt, occasionally indispensable, but which has done something to make people look on philosophy and logomachy as convertible terms. M. Cellarier (7) deals more with the eternal—if only with the eternally unfindable. M. Alaux (8) adds one to those excellently intentioned persons who want to "transform Christianity." Unfortunately, in such cases one feels too often that the title of Byron's worst play might be reversed, and made into "The transformed deformed." M. Alaux is, however, agreeable in a kind of Chateaubriand-Lamartine manner. M. Tarde (9) is already known for his sociological studies, and adds an important one to them in his discussion of Imitation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Pedestrian's Record, by Messrs. James Irvine Lupton and J. M. K. Lupton (Allen & Co.), provides persons interested in athletic exercises with a handy compilation of professional and amateur records in running, walking, and other competitions, and a practical treatise on athletics, which comprises much valuable advice on the subject of training. In urging that the whole body of the aspirant in athletics should be trained, the root of the subject is effectively dealt with. "Never mind," the authors observe, "what kind of athletic pursuit a man chooses as a pastime, he requires not a partial, but an entire, development of his frame." In short, sounder and more reasonable words were never written than Messrs. Lupton's remarks on training. We are not altogether in agreement with their views on the present distinction of professional and amateur athletics. It is very doubtful if any permanent union of the two sections would work well for athletics. It may be perfectly true that we only know "publicly by the clock" that Harry Hutchens could give J. M. Cowie six yards start in 120 and beat him; but there is always the danger that the professional betting element might gain the upper hand should a pedestrian club, a sort of Jockey Club, be formed to rule running men. Is it probable, too, that professionals would place themselves under the rule of the A. A. A. without any representation of their own body on the committee of the proposed club? "Disgraceful scenes," as Messrs. Lupton admit, take place at professional meetings. Rowdism is notoriously on the increase, even at football matches in the country, and if the professionals and amateurs play together in unity in cricket, it is wholly due to the constituted authority being purely amateur.

Mr. Walter Armstrong's handbook, *Wrestling*, the "All England" series (Bell & Sons), is an excellent exposition of one of the finest of outdoor sports, and is also admirably illustrated by photographic and other cuts. As an expert in the "ancient science," as it flourishes in the Lake counties, Mr. Armstrong gives clear illustrative definition of the mysteries of the "hipe"

(3) *Du Caucase aux Monts Alai*. Par J. Leclercq. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Alexis Piron's La Métromanie*. Edited by L. Delbos. Boston (Mass.): Heath.

(5) *Nouveaux essais de critique philosophique*. Par A. Franck. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *L'évolutionnisme des idées-forces*. Par A. Fouillée. Paris: Alcan.

(7) *Requêtes du réatif et de l'absolu*. Par F. Cellarier. Paris: Alcan.

(8) *Le problème religieux au XIX^{ème} siècle*. Par J. E. Alaux. Paris: Alcan.

(9) *Les lois de l'imitation*. Par G. Tarde. Paris: Alcan.

(1) *Honneur d'artiste*. Par Octave Feuille. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Souvenirs du dernier secrétaire de Sainte-Beuve*. Par Jules Troubat. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

and "hank," and all the "chips" of those cunning in the craft, and is naturally disposed to rank in the highest estimation the style of Cumberland and Westmoreland. At the same time, though he is much less enthusiastic on the subject of West-country wrestling, he admits that there are many good wrestlers in Devon and Cornwall "deserving of more patronage than they receive." Certainly the sport is not encouraged in the West as it is in the North. It is worth noting, too, that Mr. Armstrong, though a Laker in all that belongs to wrestling, is himself favourable to a style that dispenses with any inflexible law as to the "hold." And we are inclined to think, after reading his excellent chapter on the "catch-as-catch-can" style, that nothing would tend more to the revival of wrestling as a popular rural sport than the recognition of the "catch hold," provided only, as Mr. Armstrong suggests, that no hold of clothes or legs is permitted. With this preliminary law fixed, competitors would be at liberty to show their dexterity in either of the two chief English styles, or combine the best science of both.

To judge from the first canto, Mr. J. F. Rowbotham's new poem, *The Human Epic* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), promises to be a prodigious product of the scientific muse. The theme is decidedly epic, and the poet's scheme grandiose, as befits the epic. He sings the night of chaos, the reign of anarchy, the birth of suns, and all that is comprehended in the evolutionary processes of life, "the diapason closing full in man," whose ascension through the centuries "from the brutish herd" will be set forth in the last cantos. In this first canto the poet, in sonorous energetic Spenserian stanzas, chants of Chaos and old Night, the war of atoms, and the elemental strife of fire and flood. He starts with the usual and becoming invocation, and ends with a catalogue of the stars. Mr. Rowbotham has proved himself already to be a poet of much daring and originality. His diction is rich and his style energetic. Yet we feel that his visions of chaos in labour are marred somewhat by an agonizing insistence on what are mere scenical details, though we will admit they are large details. For example, all that is suggested in Byron's tremendous verse,

When the poles crashed, and water was the world,
is diffused through many stanzas. Then Mr. Rowbotham's use of alliteration, though generally judicious, is sometimes a little trying, as in Stanza XLII.:-

Where floods of gold late lashed a glittering brink,
Now lapping lay a lake of liquid zinc

—verse that recalls that sweet thing of Rossetti's about bobbing bubbles in the breakwater and a buried body's bier. Perhaps the cataclysmic climax of the canto is reached in Stanza XXX.:-

Hence come explosions terrible that stun,
Hence loud electric detonations come.
The total wilderness of fire is one
Hubbub of uproar, hiss, splash, crash, thud, hum,—
Tumultuary Pandemonium!
The fountains hissed, the blazes roared within,
The geysers boiled, the cataracts fell plumb,
While overhead, pouring its hubbub in,
Eternal thunder raged, the monarch of the din.

Pleasant is it to see science reconciled to religion, or revelation, and pleasant should it be to Professor Huxley to read the Rev. R. L. Tafel's *Huxley and Swedenborg* (Speirs), a triplet of lectures, wherein it is demonstrated, to the author's satisfaction, if not to ours, that the Swedenborgian's faith in logic is not less than that of the Agnostic. But really we are convinced, apart from such questions as the credibility of miracles as are discussed by Mr. Tafel, that a course of Swedenborg would do no injury to scientific Agnostics; and, if this little book should so persuade them, it is not published in vain.

Elegies and Memorials, by A. and L. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), comprises some melodious little poems, that which opens the volume, and commemorates two early deaths, having considerable merit. *Sunshine and Shade*, lyrics by Ernest Alfred Newton (Cambridge: Palmer), is made up of a series of short poems, all of one family. Monotony is the sensation they produce, and they rise but little above mere sing-song. In *Songs and Poems* (Authors' Co-operative Co.) Mr. C. W. Grace, "late of New Zealand," does not rise above verse-making into poetry.

Mr. T. E. Rogers heads his preface to an expanded lecture on the history and antiquities of a Somersetshire village—*Records of Yarlinton* (Elliot Stock)—with the pithy remark quoted from the *Saturday Review*, "The dullest of all dull books is a conscientiously compiled parochial history," not questioning the truth of the criticism, as he remarks, nor deterred by it, as his publication is a sufficient witness. The dullness of parochial chronicles depends, perhaps, more upon the chronicler than upon the chronicler's conscience. We should never tire of *Annals of the Parish*, and should have welcomed a Galtian infusion in the history of Yarlinton. Mr. Rogers has compiled a readable book, but it is not by any means a lively record.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Veuve J. BOYVEAU, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI's, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on sale at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 & 85 DUANE STREET, New York, and at Messrs. DAMELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Annual Subscription, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 30, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,301, MAY 3, 1890:

Chronicle.

The May Bugbear. Taste in Jokes.
Egypt. Of Chattels, and their Delivery.
The Wisdom of Political Ignorance.
Lord Randolph Churchill's Temperance Bill.
Politics and Scandal. East Africa. Sir William's Metaphors.
The Municipal Elections in Paris.
The Lesson of the Latest Evictions. The County Council.
The Land Purchase Bill.

Mr. Burne-Jones's Briar-Rose.

Proposed American Silver Legislation.

The Two Thousand. Mr. Gladstone on Hebrew Poetry.

The Royal Academy. Cowen's "Ithorgim."

Side-Lights on the French Revolution—XII.

Art Publications.

Money Matters. The New Gallery. Recent Concerts.

The Frozen Vacuum Brake—VI.

The Prayer of Virtue Heard.

Mrs. Shelley.

Stories. Two Books of Travel.

The Book of the Farm. Medical Books.

The Parochial Registers of Canterbury. Novels. Year Books.

Two Books on the Holy Land.

Books on the Memory. Books on Ireland.

Billiards Simplified. French Literature.

New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM. — MATINÉE TO-DAY (Saturday) at Two. LOUIS XI. Mr. Irving, Mr. Terrie, Mr. Macklin, and Miss Kate Phillips. THE BELLS To-night (Saturday), at 8.30, and Saturday Evening, May 10, and also May 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 21 and 22. Matthias (his original part) Mr. Henry Irving. Preceded at 8, by THE KING AND THE MILLER, every evening next week, except Saturday Evening, at 8, THE DEAD HEART. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 till 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

LYRIC.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, HENRY J. LESLIE. Every Evening at 8.30 a Comedy Opera, in Three Acts, entitled THE RED HUSSAR, by H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon. Last weeks. At 7.30 THE SENTRY. Box Office open from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION will OPEN on Monday, May 5. Admission from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M., except on the first day, when it opens at 10 A.M. Catalogues, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. Admission, One Shilling, from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.